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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

The following is the reply of the President to the resolution offered by Garret Davis, and passed by the House of Representatives:

To the House of Representatives of the United States:

In compliance with the request contained in the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 15th instant, I communicate herewith reports from the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy, with the documents which accompany them. The documents contain all "the orders or instructions, to any naval, military, or other officer of the Government, in relation to the establishment or organization of civil government in any portion of the territory of Mexico, which has or might be taken possession of by the army or navy of the United States."

These orders and instructions were given to regulate the exercise of the rights of a belligerent, engaged in actual war, over such portions of the territory of our enemy, as by military conquest might be "taken possession of," and be occupied by our armed forces; rights necessarily resulting from a state of war, and clearly recognized by the laws of nations. This was all the authority which could be delegated to our military and naval commanders, and its exercise was indispensable to the secure occupation and possession of territory of the enemy which might be conquered. The regulations authorized were temporary, and dependent on the rights acquired by conquest.

They were authorized as belligerent rights, and were to be carried into effect by military or naval officers. They were but the amelioration of martial law, which modern civilization requires, and were due as well to the security of the conquest, as to the inhabitants of the conquered territory.

The documents communicated, also contain the reports of several highly meritorious officers of our army and navy, who have conquered and taken possession of portions of the enemy's territory.

Among the documents accompanying the report of the Secretary of War, will be found, a "form of government," "established and organized" by the military commander who conquered, and occupied with his forces, the territory of New Mexico. This document was received at the War Department in the latter part of the last month, and, as will be perceived by the report of the Secretary of War, was not, for the reason stated by that officer, brought to my notice until after my annual message, of the 8th instant, was communicated to Congress.

It is declared on its face to be a "temporary government of the said territory," but there are portions of it which purport to "establish and organize" a permanent territorial government of the United States over the territory, and to impart to its inhabitants political rights which, under the Constitution of the United States, can be enjoyed permanently only by citizens of the United States. These have not been "approved and recognized" by me. Such organized regulations as have been established in any of the conquered territories, for the security of our conquest, for the preservation of order, for the protection of the rights of the inhabitants, and for depriving the enemy of the advantages of these territories, while the military possession of them, by the forces of the United States, continue, will be recognized and approved.

It will be apparent from the reports of the officers, who have been required, by the success which has crowned their arms, to exercise the powers of temporary government over the conquered territories, that if any excess of power has been exercised, the departure has been the offspring of a patriotic desire to give the inhabitants the privileges and immunities so cherished by the people of our own country, and which they believed calculated to improve their condition and promote their prosperity.

Any such excess has resulted in no practical injury, but can and will be early corrected, in a manner to alienate as little as possible the good feelings of the inhabitants of the conquered territory.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, Dec. 22, 1846.

PEACE.—A zealous promoter of the Peace cause, has lately suggested to the Peace Society, that a treatise should be brought out, exposing the evils that arise from persons lending money for warlike purposes, and the responsibilities that rest upon those who are in such a practice. One main feature which should be brought before the minds of these loan contractors, is the *motive* by which they are actuated; the desire of gain—the love of aggrandizement, and of appearing great in the world—putting these few supposed worldly advantages to a few persons, in comparison with the miseries and desolations that inevitably follow in the train of war. The subject appears well worthy of the attention of the Committee, and their known zeal in the cause, will, no doubt, induce them to give, ere long, some deliverance on the matter.

Special reference is had, in the foregoing suggestion, to the case of the American Government seeking loans from England, for the purpose of carrying on war with Mexico. 'Twere well, if the editors of some, at least, of our public journals, would feel disposed to advert to the subject, and would employ their valuable influence in calling attention to it; seeing that everything which tends to check the progress of such operations as are, at present, being carried on in Mexico, contributes, at the same time, to the true welfare of the human race.—*British Friend.*

SOUTHERN LEGISLATIVE COURTESY.

In the Senate of South Carolina, on the 17th instant, the "Chivalry" was aroused, by certain Resolutions from the New Hampshire Legislature, to such brave and doughty deeds as are here described by the correspondent of the Charleston Courier:

His Excellency the Governor communicated a message, enclosing certain resolutions from our "sister" State of New Hampshire in relation to our peculiar institutions. The Senate had been engaged in another matter on the receipt of the message, but suspended proceedings for the purpose of hearing it. Immediately as the secretary had concluded the reading, Mr. Moses, the Senator from Claremont, took the floor, and inveighed in no measured terms against the resolutions with which, as he said, some of the States had more than once insulted South Carolina.

He said that the Legislature had over and over reiterated her intention to maintain her constitutional rights. That it was time to let the world understand that we were not to be moved from our position by these repeated attempts on the part of our co-States to drive us from the ground which their forefathers as well as our own occupied. He trusted that the Senate would, by a unanimous vote, take such a course as would give the State of New Hampshire, and the whole Union, at once to know that we are firm. We have, heretofore, extended so liberal a share of courtesy to the States, from which resolutions like to these had come, and treated their suggestions with so much courtesy, that it appeared that there was to be no end to this continual knocking at our doors—that we were to be worried and excited until their good will and pleasure permitted the South to manage its own internal affairs.

He hoped that the resolutions would be referred to no committee, but that such a course would be pursued by the Senate as would not only indicate, but express—not in words, but silence—the feelings of the people of South Carolina on this subject.—On the gentleman's taking his seat, Mr. Perry, of Greenville, seconded the views of his friend from Claremont, and moved that the Governor be requested to return to New Hampshire the resolutions just read. The motion was unanimously adopted, and the same course was pursued in the House of Representatives; so you see there will be no farther debate on resolutions such as those in question; and the States who differ with us, and hold opinions inconsistent with our rights, might as well save themselves the trouble of inditing their precious morsels.

From the Albany Patriot.

GERRIT SMITH'S REPLY TO EDMUND QUINCY.

PETERBORO', November 23, 1846.

Edmund Quincy, Esq. of Massachusetts:

DEAR SIR—I have, this evening, read your letter to me, in the last Liberator. I am so busy in making preparations to leave home for a month or two, that my reply must be brief. A reply I must make—for you might construe my silence into discourtesy and unfriendliness.

From your remark, that you have not seen my "recent writings or speeches," I infer, that you do not deign to cast a look upon the newspapers of the Liberty party. Your *proud and disdainful* state of mind toward this party accounts for some of the mistakes in your letter. For instance, were you a reader of its newspapers, you would not charge me with "irreverently" using the term "Bible politics." You, evidently, suppose that I identify the Federal Constitution and the Liberty party with the politics of the Bible. But, in my discourses on "Bible politics," which, to no small extent, are made up directly from the pages of the Bible, I seek but to show what are the Heaven-intended uses of civil government, and what the necessary qualifications of those, who administer it. So far are these discourses from commending the Constitution, or the Liberty party, that they not so much as allude, either to the one or the other. Again, were you a reader of the newspapers of this party, you would know its name. You would, in that case, know, that "Liberty party" is the name, which, from the first, it has chosen for itself: and that "Third party" is only a nickname, which low-minded persons have given to it. You well know, that there are low-minded persons, who, seeing nothing in the good man, who is the object of their hatred, for that hatred to seize upon, will try to harm him by nicknaming him. It is such as these whose malice toward the Liberty party has, for want of argument against that truth-espousing and self-sacrificing party, vented itself in a nickname. Be assured, my dear Sir, that I have no hard feelings toward you for misnaming my party. You are a gentleman; and your error is, therefore, purely unintentional. Upon your innocent ignorance—too easy and credulous, in this instance, I admit—the base creatures, who coined this nickname, have palmed it, as the real name of the Liberty party. You are a gentleman; and, hence, as certainly, as your good breeding accords to every party, however little and despised, the privilege of naming itself, so certainly, when you are awake to this deception, which has been practised upon your credulity, you will be deeply indignant at it. I see, from his late speech in Faneuil Hall, that even Mr. Webster has fallen into the mistake of taking, "Third party" to be the name of the Liberty party. The columns of the Liberator have, most probably, led him into it. Being set right on this point yourself, you will, of course, take pleasure in setting him right. He will thank you for doing so, for when he comes to know that "Third party" is but a nickname, and the invention of blackguards, he will shrink from the vulgarity and meanness of repeating it. Again, were you a reader of the newspapers of the Liberty party, you would not feel yourself authorized to take it for granted, that to hold an office under the Constitution is to be guilty of swearing to uphold Slavery. On the contrary, you would be convinced, that nine-tenths of the Abolitionists of the country—nine-tenths, too, of the wisest and worthiest of them—believe, that an oath to abide by the Constitution is an oath to labour for the overthrow of Slavery. Were you a reader of the newspapers of the Liberty party, you would know, that this position of these nine-tenths of the Abolitionists of the country is fortified by arguments of William Goodell and Lysander Spooner, which there has been no attempt to answer, and that too for the most probable reason, that they are unanswerable. I am not sure, that you have ever heard of these gentlemen. Theirs are, perhaps, unmentioned names in the line of your reading and associations. Nevertheless, I strongly desire, that you may read their arguments. Your reading of them will, I hope, moderate the *superlatively arrogant* and *dogmatic* style, in which you, in common with the Abolitionists of your particular school, talk and write on this subject. If this or aught else, shall have the effect to relax that extreme, *turkey-cock tension of pride*, with which you and your fellows strut up and down the arena of this controversy, the friends of modesty and good manners will have occasion to rejoice.

I have not taken up my pen to write another argument on the Constitution. Two or three years ago, I presumed to write one: and the way in which it was treated, is a caution to me not to repeat the presumption. I shall not soon forget the fury with which Mr. Wendell Phillips, whom you so highly praise in the letter before me, pounced upon it. Nothing short of declaring me to be a thief and a liar could relieve his swollen spirit, or give adequate vent to his foaming wrath. He would, probably, have come to me ashamed of himself, had not his review of me been endorsed by Mr. Garrison, and also by one, who it is said, is even greater than Mr. Garrison—"the power behind the throne."

I do not doubt, my dear Sir, that you and your associates have sincerely adopted your conclusions respecting the Constitution. That you should be thoroughly convinced by your own arguments is a natural and almost necessary consequence of the self-complacency, which uniformly characterizes persons who regard themselves as *ne plus ultra* reformers. I wish you could find it in your hearts to reciprocate our liberality, in acknowledging your sincerity, and to admit that we, who differ from you, are also sincere. No longer, then, would you suppose us, as you do, in your present letter, to be guilty of "jesuitical evasions," or to be capable of being, to use your own capitals, "PERJURED LIARS." No longer then would you and the gentlemen of your school, speak of us, as a pack of office-seekers, hypocrites, and scoundrels. But, you would then treat us—your equal brethren, as honestly and ardently desirous as yourselves, to advance the dear cause to which you are dvoted—with decency and kindness, instead of *contempt* and *brutality*. I honour you and your associates, as true-hearted friends of the slave; and nor man, nor devil, shall ever extort from my lips or pen a word of injustice against any of you. I honour you also for the sincerity of your beliefs, that they, who dissent from your expositions of the Constitution, are in the wrong. But I am deeply grieved at your *superciliousness* and *intolerance* toward those, whose desire to know and do their duty, is no less strong nor pure than your own. Far am I from intimating, that the blame of the internal dissensions of the Abolitionists belong wholly to yourselves. No very small share of it should be appropriated by such of them, as have indulged a bad spirit, in speaking uncandidly and unkindly of yourselves. All classes of Abolitionists have need to humble themselves before GOD for having retarded the cause of the slave by these guilty dissensions.

I would, that I could inspire you with some distrust of your infallibility. I should, thereby, be rendering good service to yourself and to the cause of truth. Will you bear to have me point out some of the blunders, in the letter to which I am now replying? And, when you shall have seen them, will you suffer your wonder to abate, that the great body of Abolitionists do not more promptly and implicitly bow to the *ipse dixits* of yourself and your fellow infallibles? Casting myself on your indulgence, and at the risk of ruffling your *self-complacency*, I proceed to point out to you some of these blunders.

Blunder No. 1. You charge me with holding, that the clause of the Constitution relating to the Slave-trade, provides for its abolition. What I do hold to, however, is, that the part of the Constitution, which entrusts Congress with the power to regulate commerce, provides for the abolition of this trade.—That Congress would use the power to abolish this trade was deemed certain by the whole Convention, which framed the Constitution. Hence a portion of its members would not consent to grant this power, unless modified by the clause concerning the Slave-Trade, and unless, too, this clause were made irrepealable. When the lifetime of this modification had expired, Congress, doing just what the anti-slavery spirit of the Constitution and the universal expectation of the nation demanded, prohibited our participation in the African Slave-Trade. I readily admit, that the clause in question is, considered by itself, pro-slavery.—But it is to be viewed as a part of the anti-slavery bargain for suppressing the African Slave-Trade, and as a part, without which, the anti-slavery bargain could not have been made. Did I not infer from your own words, that you cannot possibly bring yourself to condescend to read the "writings or speeches" of Liberty party men, I would ask you to read what I wrote to John G. Whittier and Adin Ballou, on that part of the Constitution now under consideration.

Blunder No. 2. But what pro-slavery act can that part of the Constitution, which respects the African Slave-Trade, require at the hands of one, who should *now* swear to support the Constitution? None. No more than if the thing, now entirely obsolete, had never been. What a blunder then to speak of this part of the Constitution, as an obstacle in the way of swearing to support those parts of it, which still remain operative!

Blunder No. 3. In your letter before me, as well as in your approval of an article in the Liberator of 30th last month, you take the position, that the pro-slavery interpretations of the Constitution, at the hands of Courts and law-makers, are conclusive, that instrument is pro-slavery. But you will yourself go so far as to admit, that all Slavery under the national flag, and in the District of Columbia, and, indeed, everywhere, save in the Old thirteen States, is unconstitutional. Nevertheless, all such parts of unconstitutional Slavery have repeatedly been approved by Courts and law-makers. You say, that the Constitution is what its expounders interpret it to be; and, that, inasmuch as they interpret it to be pro-slavery, you are bound to reject it. But the dignified and authoritative expounders of the Bible interpret *it* to be pro-slavery. Why, then, according to your own rules, should you not reject the Bible also? Talleyrand, you know, thought a blunder worse than a crime. You and I do not agree with him. But we certainly cannot fail to agree with each other, that your blunder No. 3, is a very bad blunder.

Blunder No. 4. You declare, that because the Constitution is, as you allege, pro-slavery, it is inconsistent and unfair to reject a slaveholder from holding office under it. Extend the application if you will, that you may see its absurdity. The Constitution of my State makes a dark skin a disqualification for voting. Hence, in choosing officers under it—even revisers of the Constitution itself—I am not at liberty, according to your rule, to exclude a man from the range of my selection, on the ground, that he is in favor of such disqualification. Nay, more, I must regard his agreement with the Constitution on this point, as an argument in favour of his claim to my vote. Again—to conform to your rule, a wicked community should, because it is wicked, choose a wicked preacher—or because it is ignorant, choose an ignorant schoolmaster. Yours is a rule, that refuses to yield to the law of progress, and that shuts the door against all human improvement. You would, for the sake of their consistency, have an individual—have a people—remain as wicked as they are—and vote for drunkards and slaveholders, because they have always done so. The provision of the Constitution for its own amendment, is, of itself, enough to silence your doctrine, that the agreement of a man's character and views with the Constitution, is necessarily an argument for, and can never be an argument against, his holding office under it. The provision opens the door for choosing to office under the Constitution, those who disagree with it. This provision implies, that, in the progress of things, a man's agreement with the Constitution may be a conclusive objection to clothing him with official power under it.

But, I will stop my enumeration of your blunders, and put you a few questions.

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled by the decision, in the year 1772, of the highest court of England, that there was not any legal Slavery in our American colonies?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no legal Slavery in any of the States of this nation at the time the Constitution was adopted?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitution created no Slavery; and that it is not to be held as even *recognizing* Slavery, provided there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal Slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that had the American people adhered to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, chattel slavery would, ere this, have ceased to exist in the nation?

You will, of course, be constrained to answer all these questions in the affirmative. And I wish, that when you shall have answered them, you would also answer one more—and that is the question, whether, since you are hotly eager for the overthrow of all civil Governments—(they are not Governments whose laws, if laws they may be called, are without the sanctions of force—) you ought not to guard yourself most carefully from seeking unjust occasions against them, and from gratifying your hatred of them, *at the expense of candour and truth?* An atheist at heart is not unfrequently known to publish his grief over what he (afflicted soul!) is pained to be obliged to admit are blemishes upon the Bible. His words are, as if this blessed book were inexpressibly dear to him. Nevertheless, his inward and deep desire is, that, with or without the blemishes, he imputes to it, the Bible may perish. Our non-resistants throw themselves into an agony before the public eye, on account of the pro-slavery, which they allege taints the Constitution. But, *aside*, and in their confidential circles, their language is: "be the Constitution pro-slavery or anti-slavery, let it perish." Were the Constitution unexceptionable to you on the score of Slavery, you would, being a non-resistant, still hate it with unappeasable hatred. Now, I put it to you, my dear Sir, whether the non-resistants, when they ask us to listen to their *disinterested* arguments against the anti-slavery character of the Constitution, do not show themselves to be somewhat *brazen-faced!* I say naught against your non-resistance. That I am not a non-resistant myself—that I still linger around the bloody and life-taking doctrines, in which I was educated—is perhaps, only because I have less humanity and piety than yourself. Often have I tried to throw off this part of my education: and, that the Bible would not let me was, perhaps, only my foolish and wicked fancy.

You ask me to join you in abandoning the Constitution. My whole heart—my whole sense of duty to God and man—forbids my doing so. In my own judgment of the case, I could not do so, without being guilty of the most cowardly and cruel treachery toward my enslaved countrymen. The Constitution has put weapons into the hands of the American people entirely sufficient for slaying the monster, within whose bloody and crushing grasp are the three millions of American slaves. I have not failed to calculate the toil, and self-denial, and peril of using those weapons manfully and bravely—and yet for one, I have determined, God helping me, thus to use them—and not, self-indulgently and basely, to cast them away. If the people of the North should refuse to avail themselves of their constitutional power to effectuate the overthrow of American Slavery, on them must rest the guilty responsibility, and not on that power—for it is ample. To give up the Constitution is to give up the slave.—His hope of a peaceful deliverance is, under God, on the application of the anti-slavery principles of the Constitution.

No—I cannot join you in abandoning the Constitution and overthrowing the Government. I cannot join you, notwithstanding you tell me, that to do so is "the only political action, in which a man of honour and self-respect can engage, in this country." Your telling me so is but another proof of your intolerance and insolence—but another proof of the unhappy change wrought in your temper and manners by the associations and pursuits of your latter years. Your telling me so carries no conviction to my mind of the truth of what you tell me. It is a mere assertion;—and has, surely, none the more likeness to an argument by reason of the exceedingly offensive terms in which it is couched.

Since I began this letter, I have received one from a couple of coloured men of the city of Alexandria. Never did I read a more eloquent, or heart-melting letter. You remember, that Congress, at its last session, left it to the vote of the whites in that part of the District of Columbia south of the Potomac, whether that part of the District should be set back to Virginia, and coloured people be subjected to the murderous and diabolical laws, which that State has enacted against coloured people, the free, as well as the bond. The letter, which I have received, describes the feelings of our poor coloured brethren, as they saw themselves passing from under the laws of the nation into the bloody grasp of the laws of a slave State. I will give you an extract.

"I know, that, could you but see the poor coloured people of this city, who are the poorest of God's poor, your benevolent heart would melt at such an exhibition. Fancy, but for a moment, you could have seen them on the day of election, when the act of Congress, retroceding them to Virginia, should be rejected or confirmed. Whilst the *citizens* of this city and county were voting, God's humble poor were standing in rows, on either side of the Court House, and, as the voters were announced every quarter of an hour, the suppressed wailings and lamentations of the people of colour were constantly ascending to God for help and succor, in this the hour of their need. And whilst their cries and lamentations were going up to the Lord of Sabaoth, the curses and shouts of the people, and the sounds of the wide-mouthed artillery, which made both the Heavens and the earth shake, admonished us, that, on the side of the oppressor there was great *power*. Oh, Sir, there never was such a time here before! We have been permitted heretofore to meet together in God's sanctuary, which we have erected for the purpose of religious worship, but whether we shall have this privilege, when the Virginia laws are extended *over* us, we know not. We expect, that our schools will all be broken up, and our privileges, which we have enjoyed for so many years, will all be taken away. The laws of Virginia can hardly be borne by those coloured people, that have been brought up in a state of ignorance and the deepest subjection: but, Oh Sir, how is it with us, who have enjoyed comparative liberty. We trust, that we have the sympathies of the good and the virtuous. We know, that we have yours and your associates in benevolence and love. Dear friend, can you and yours extend to our poor a helping hand, in this the time of our need? Remember, as soon as the Legislature of Virginia meets, which is in December, they will extend their laws over us: and in the spring forty or fifty coloured families would be glad to leave for some free State, where they can educate their children, and worship God without molestation. But, dear Sir, whither shall we go?—Say, Christian brother, and witness Heaven and earth, whither shall we go? Do we hear a voice from you saying: "Come here?" Or, are we mistaken?—Say, brother, say, are we not greater objects of pity, than our more highly favoured and fortunate brethren of the North—(Heaven bless and preserve them!)"

If such, my friend, is the wo, when but a few hundred coloured persons (and part of them free) find themselves deserted by the national power, what will it not be, when, in the bosoms of three millions of slaves, all hope of the interposition of that power shall die? That power I would labour to turn into the channel of deliverance to these millions. That power you would destroy. Alas, were it, this day, destroyed, what a long black night would settle down upon those millions! Vengeance might, indeed, succeed to despair; and its superhuman arm deliver the enslaved. But such a deliverance would be through blood, reaching, in Apocalyptic, language "even to the horse bridles:" and to such a deliverance neither you nor I would knowingly contribute.

But I am extending my letter to double the length I intended to give it—and must stop.

With great regard,

Your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

From the Liberator.

REJOINDER OF EDMUND QUINCY TO GERRIT SMITH.

DEDHAM, December 11, 1846.

Gerrit Smith, Esq. Peterboro', N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—I received yesterday a copy of the Albany Patriot, of the 9th instant, containing your reply to my letter to you of the 12th ultimo, for which, I presume, I am indebted to your politeness. I, too, am on the eve of leaving home, to attend an anti-slavery meeting in Philadelphia, and fear that the haste in which I must write may make me omit noticing some points in your letter, which you may deem worthy of remark. If so, that haste must be my excuse.

And, first, I will despatch the matter that seems to me most imperatively to call for notice, in your letter, as it is one affecting my personal character, and endeavour to show that nothing in my letter to you is justly obnoxious to the charge of ill-breeding or bad manners. You complain that I speak of the party to which you belong, as the "Third party;" which name you consider as "a nickname," "the invention of blackguards," of "low-minded persons," of "base creatures," the use of which is characterized by "vulgarity and meanness." You indeed excuse me for employing the term, on the hypothesis that I am ignorant of the name your party has assumed; but as you can hardly be serious in this supposition, and especially as in my letter to you, I speak of that party as one "that has baptized herself with the name of Liberty," I cannot but think that your politeness has led you to disguise your censure under the veil of irony,—a figure of speech,—to the use of which, (Heaven help me!) I am the last man in the world that has any right to object.

Your opinion on this matter, I think, rests on two fallacies. First, that a party has a right to take any name it choses, and to demand the concurrence of all mankind in this nomenclature. This proposition I deny. Every man has a right to judge, whether the name assumed by a party or sect, (and especially when, as in this case, it is one invidious or offensive to other parties or sects of equal claims to the appellation,) is a correct description of its character, and, if he think it is not, to refuse to accord the name to it. And, secondly, that the term, "Third party," is one of opprobrium and reproach. This I also deny. I had no such thought when I employed it. And on the face of it, the idea is absurd. If I choose to call the Democratic party the "First party," and the Whig party the "Second party," I apprehend that neither would have any right to complain, nor should I at all compromise my character for good-breeding by such a use of language.

Had I known, indeed, that your feeling was so strong on this point, I should have avoided the employment of a term personally offensive to you, and I will endeavour to be on my guard in this letter, and in any future correspondence I may have the honour to hold with you, against a use of words which gives you pain; but I cannot renounce my right to apply such a nomenclature as may seem good to me, on other occasions to your party as well as to any other. And here permit me to say, that I am a little surprised at the extreme sensitiveness of yourself and of your party, (to judge by the tone of its organs which I sometimes see,) to this matter of its *name*. I can only account for it upon that principle of human nature, which is said (though certainly with many eminent exceptions) to make *little* men the most jealous of their dignity, and the most suspicious of personal disrespect. Were I you, I should advise your little friend not to put its finger in its eye whenever naughty men call it names that it does not like, but to imitate the example of its more robust companions, who make small account of being called "*Loco-Focos*" and "*Coons*," and other names in their own nature offensive and insulting, which "*Third party*" is not.

Your strictures upon my frame of mind, and style of writing, also call for a word of remark. You think that the one is "proud and disdainful," and the other "superlatively arrogant and dogmatic." I am of an "extreme and turkey-cock tension of pride;" my conduct, and that of those with whom I act, is marked by "self-complacency," "contempt and brutality," "superciliousness, and arrogance;" and Mr. Wendell Phillips, in particular, was on one occasion, at least, moved by "fury," a "swollen spirit," and "foaming wrath"! "These be very bitter words," as Dame Quickly says; but I make no objection whatever to your applying them to me, or to my friends, if you think we deserve them. If, however, these strictures, as far as I am concerned, were caused by anything contained in my letter to you, I must confess that, upon a careful re-perusal I have been unable to detect the occasion.

You had written a letter to Mr. Stephen C. Phillips, in which you took him to task for his inconsistency in condemning the Boston kidnappers, after he had voted for Mr. Clay. You put him in the same category with the infamous Pearson and Hannum, and you characterized his action and speech in that matter as a "farce," "ludicrous beyond all parallel." The object of my letter to you was to show, (as I did, to my own satisfaction, at least,) that there was no just distinction to be made between you and Mr. Phillips, as long as you both sustained the existing Constitution of the United States,—that you were both in one condemnation. Had I not a right to deal out to you the same measure, if I thought you deserved it, that you had meted out to him? Has Mr. Smith any exemption from criticism that Mr. Phillips does not enjoy?

If they were meant to apply to my general language respecting your party and its measures, I can only, in the absence of distinct specifications, put in a general plea of "not guilty." You complain that I, in common with "the gentlemen of my school, speak of your party as a pack of office-seekers, hypocrites, and scoundrels." This I have never done, and I have never known of its being done by any one of my friends. That you are "office-seekers," I am afraid cannot be denied, as the very essence of a political party is the seeking for office. I never spoke of you as a "set of hypocrites and scoundrels"; though I might not in truth deny that you have some of the choicest specimens of both, in your high places. I have always done justice to the sincerity of the masses of your party, mistaken as I thought them. Indeed, I fancy that my toleration and indulgence are more liberal than your own; for while I have always granted the sincerity of the thousands of honest Abolitionists in your party, I have always been as willing to admit the equal sincerity of the tens of thousands of equally honest Abolitionists in the Whig and Democratic parties. I always maintained the anti-slavery principles of those Abolitionists to be as good as those of your party, and their method not worse.

You think that were I a reader of the papers of your party, "I should not feel myself authorized to take it for granted, that to hold an office under the Constitution is to be guilty of swearing to support Slavery." I cannot think that such reading, however extensive, would alter my opinion on so plain a point as this. If you mean that I should thus learn that many "wise and worthy Abolitionists" think that they can swear to support the Constitution, without compromising their anti-slavery character, I certainly do not need such a course of study for my information. For I know too well the opinions and the practices of honest Abolitionists in your party, and of equally honest, and not more inconsistent, Abolitionists in the other two. But the character of the Constitution is a matter of *fact*, and not of *opinion*, and no array of numbers, and no amount of honest error, could change my view of so very plain a fact.

You doubt whether I have ever heard of the names of Messrs. William Goodell and Lysander Spooner. I have heard of both those gentlemen, though I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance with either of them, and am familiar with their arguments on this subject. These arguments, you say, "there has been no attempt to answer,"—from which circumstance you, somewhat gratuitously, infer "that they are unanswerable." But the very page of the newspaper which contains your reply to me, shows that there has been an answer attempted to the first-named of these gentlemen, and, to judge from the tone and temper of the explosion, (for it can hardly be called a reply,) which it has produced, to some little purpose. You remember that Fontenelle, in his extreme old age, though he could not hear the words of an argument, used to boast that he could always tell which disputant was in the wrong, by observing which got angry first. And if it be true that no reply has been made to the argument of Mr. Spooner, I apprehend it is to be attributed to any other reason than its being unanswerable.

Nothing has ever satisfied me more conclusively of the sinking condition of your party, than the desperate eagerness with which it has clutched at the straws extended to it, first in the argument of Mr. Goodell, and, since that gentlemen has been kicked on one side, to make way for the younger "expounder of the Constitution," in that of Mr. Spooner. The arguments of these gentlemen are certainly striking examples of that species of ratiocination, which is, vulgarly but expressively, denominated "arguing the nose off a man's face." The seriousness with which they apply themselves to disprove the existence of the most prominent feature of our national countenance, which thrusts itself into our faces every moment of our lives, is worthy of all admiration. The celebrated proboscis of the hero of Slawkenbergius's tale, or even the facial promontory of Prince Nosey himself, in the fairy tale, would vanish before the logic of these gentlemen, should they ever have occasion to maintain the theory that "THE HUMAN COUNTENANCE IS AN ANTI-NASAL INSTRUMENT!" Their dialectic skill surpasses even that of Hudibras himself, who could only

"——————divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side!"

Whereas these gentlemen could box the compass about the finest hair that ever adorned the brow of beauty. I have no disposition to deny their ingenuity, but it seems to me to be about as much misplaced as that of the projector in the Academy at Lagado, who spent his life in trying to make cloth out of cobwebs.

You affirm that I have made several blunders in my letter, to which I must briefly advert. First, you deny that you hold "that the clause in the Constitution relating to the Slave-Trade provides for its abolition." My reason for thinking that you did was the following passage in your letter, of July 18th, 1844, to John G. Whittier, Esq. You say that "the colonies, at the time of the formation of the Constitution, each agreed with its partners, under the new compact, not that it would continue this trade for nineteen years, (that would have been a *pro-slavery* agreement,) but that, if it continued it at all, it would discontinue it after nineteen years, and that made it an *anti-slavery* agreement." If you can see anything of this nature in the clause in question, perhaps I ought not to be surprised that you are unable to discern Slavery in the Constitution. The States made no such agreement at all. They only agreed that, *if Congress should prohibit the Slave-Trade after* 1808, then they would discontinue it. You appeal to the history of the Convention to confirm your theory, (though this is an assistance which your authentic expositor, Mr. Spooner, rejects with contempt,) that the Slave-Trade compromise was one made by Slavery to Anti-Slavery. You have read that history to a strange purpose, if you do not know that it was the slaveholders that demanded that the Slave-Trade should be sacred, even from Congress, for nineteen years; and that only at the end of that time it should be, not *discontinued*, as you affirm, but submitted to the power granted to Congress to regulate commerce, to be continued or discontinued as it should deem best. Had it not been for this prohibition of interference, the abolition of the Slave-Trade might have been had in 1789, instead of 1808. I think it must require those keen optics "which see what is not to be seen," that can discover any sign of anti-slavery in this clause.

The reply to the second blunder you ascribe to me is substantially included in the last paragraph. You think that this clause is no obstacle "in the way of swearing to support those parts of the Constitution which remain operative," since the trade has been actually abolished under its provisions, I differ from you. That clause is not "obsolete," as you think. It is not dead, but sleepeth. As Congress might have refused to abolish the Slave-Trade in 1808, under the Constitution, so it may re-establish it to-morrow, if it will. The power to abolish, implies the power to continue and to restore. And we may yet see this done, should the home supply not be sufficient for the demand of the new markets in Texas, California, and Mexico.

I think you are singularly mistaken in the idea, that the prohibition of the Slave-Trade in 1808, was an Anti-Slavery triumph. If I know anything of that portion of history, the foreign trade was suppressed for the benefit of the trade at home. The patriarchs found that it was a better business to sell their own children, than to import those of other men. It was, in fact, the germ of the great AMERICAN SYSTEM,—the first national movement for THE PROTECTION OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES!

But my third and worst blunder consists in holding, that the authentic tribunal to decide on the meaning of the Constitution is the Supreme Court of the United States! This may be a "very bad blunder;" but it is one, at least, which I commit in very respectable company. I do certainly hold, that what that Court decides to be the meaning of the Constitution is the supreme rule of action, which all who swear to support the Constitution are bound to maintain. If the decision be a wicked one, it is still the rule of action of all, so swearing, until it is reversed. My remedy is, to refuse to take that oath, to refuse to do the wicked thing required, and submit to the consequences, and, in an extreme case, like this of Slavery, to resort to revolution.

You reject this view, and by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, you allege that "dignified and authoritative expounders of the Bible interpret *it* to be pro-slavery;" and thence infer that I am bound either to accept their exposition of the Bible, or reject the exposition of the Supreme Court of the Constitution! But do you not really perceive no difference between the decision of a tribunal erected under the Constitution, for the interpretation of itself, and of all laws made under it, and that of a private individual exercising his right of private judgment as to the meaning of the Bible? If you do, your illustration and your argument fall to the ground; for there is no analogy between the two cases. If you do not, you will pardon me if I connot perceive how it is possible for us to have any farther discussion on this point.

The fourth and last blunder you indicate is my position "that it is inconsistent and unfair" for men acting under the Constitution, to reject a slaveholder as a candidate on account of his slaveholding. This, also, you attempt to dispose of by the *reductio ad absurdum*. But I cannot admit the analogy between the cases you suppose, and the one in hand. If the haters of colour, the wicked or ignorant community, or the drunkards, stood to you, at the time you entered into your political compact with them, in the same relation that the slaveholders did to the free States in 1789, and you recognized and sustained their prejudice, wickedness, ignorance, or drunkenness, in your Constitution, then I think you would be foreclosed, as a just man, from objecting to them as candidates. This I conceive to be a fair illustration. All religions are placed, by the Constitution, on an equal footing. If a party should be formed on the principle of "no voting for Catholics, nor for those in political fellowship with Catholics," I think that party would stand on precisely the same ground with yours. In both cases, the party would rest upon the rejection of a class of men, whom, by the Constitutional consent, the people have agreed to consider as good as anybody else. It can be done, of course, but only, I apprehend, by a breach of faith towards the ostracised persons.

Having finished your enumeration of my blunders, you propose to me the following questions:

1st. Do you not believe that it was settled by the decision, in the year 1772, of the highest court of England, that there was not any legal Slavery in our American colonies?

2d. Do you not believe that there was no legal Slavery in any of the States of this nation at the time the Constitution was adopted?

3d. Do you not believe that the Constitution created no Slavery; and that it is to be not held as even *recognizing* Slavery, provided there was, at the time of its adoption, no legal Slavery in any of the States?

4th. Do you not believe that had the American people adhered to the letter and spirit of the Constitution, chattel Slavery would, ere this, have ceased to exist in the nation?

You then add, with singular *naivete*, "you will, of course, be constrained to answer all these questions in the affirmative." I cannot conjecture why you should take my assent to these extraordinary propositions for granted. I return a prompt, decided, emphatic, and categorical negative to each and all of them. This is all that is necessary, at this time, even had I space to discuss them. I would only say to those who have never sat at the feet of the present Gamaliel of your party ("its Cynthia of the minute!") that the play is on the word "*legal*," and the answer to the questions depends upon the definition given to that word. As to the third question, of course I do not believe that the Constitution *created* Slavery, but it took notice of the actual existence of Slavery in the several sovereignties of which it was the League, by *their* common and statute law, and recognized and provided for it.

I am not disposed to enter into the merits of the Non-Resistance question, at the present time, although you open that issue at the close of your letter. I will not even be at the pains to correct your mistaken notions of the nature of that movement,—which is not "hotly eager for the overthrow of civil governments," but earnestly desirous of changing the *animus* that inform them,—which does not oppose the use of necessary force or of wise restraint, but would have been solely employed for the cure and restoration, never for the punishment, of the criminal,—which has no plot against the institutions of society, but only a hope of substituting the spirit of benevolence, good will, and mutual confidence for that of selfishness, fear, and violence which now pervades them. I will attempt no defence, or even explanation of that philosophy. For what is it to the present purpose? Suppose the non-resistant Disunionists to be all you imagine them. Suppose that we are in the habit of meeting, at midnight, with dark lanthorns and slouched hats, like so many Guy Fauxes, to gloat over the explosion of the mine which we are running underneath the foundations of human society, and which is to blow it "sky high, Sir, sky high,"—what, then? You surely would not condemn the innocent with the guilty? For you can scarcely be ignorant, notwithstanding the dust that is thrown by your party papers, that the non-resistants are but a very inconsiderable fraction of the Disunion ranks. The great majority of the Disunionists have no quarrel with the Constitution of the United States, excepting its pro-slavery character. I am sorry for it, but so it is.

One thing, however, you will permit me to say, before concluding this long letter, and it is this. I conceive that you and the gentlemen who promulgate the doctrines of your party, as to the Constitution of the United States, are not the men to censure non-resistants for the mischiefs their opinions would bring upon mankind. Your own doctrines appear to me to strike at the root, not only of civil government, but of human society. If men may construe the most solemn contracts to please themselves; if they may receive the consideration of a bargain, and then refuse to perform the conditions; if the s

mob-law, no magistrate but Judge Lynch, a state of things which would be the very essence of Jacobinism, the very quintessence of anarchy.

I do not charge you or your party, with any deliberate design to bring about this condition of things; but such seems to me the necessary tendency of the looseness of your political morality. The tendency to disorganization, and the growing disregard to public and private obligations, is everywhere to be seen, and nowhere out of the slave country, more conspicuously than in your own State. I do not suppose that your party has had much influence in producing this state of things, for it is not considerable enough to have much effect in any way; but I am sure it has had no tendency to retard it. I am not acquainted, as you suggest, with what you call "Bible politics;" but if they be consistent with that laxity of moral and political principle on which I have animadverted, and the consequences of which I have traced—(and especially as you yourself state that the Bible, as you read it, still compels you to "linger round the bloody and life-taking doctrines" which deform civilized institutions,)—I can but trust that God may never visit them in his wrath upon the community where I and my children are appointed to abide.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
EDMUND QUINCY.

MEMORIAL FROM THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS—GAG RULE TRIUMPHANT.

On the 17th instant, Mr. Davis presented to the United States Senate a Memorial from the Representatives of the New England Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends for the adoption of measures to bring the present war with Mexico to a speedy close. This memorial was referred to the proper Committee, which reported on the 23d, through Mr. Atherton—well chosen for such a purpose—"that the same be not printed." The debate which ensued, and which we copy from the National Intelligencer, shows very clearly the temper of the Senate. It is not unexpected. There is always *one* vote at least, to carry every thing as the overseers shall dictate:

Mr. Davis said he was a little surprised at the result at which the committee had arrived in reference to this memorial. It was very brief, he observed, and entirely respectful in its terms—extremely respectful towards the Government. It came from a large body of persons, belonging to that class called the Society of Friends, in New England. They came not here as political partisans, but stated simply that they were opposed to war from religious principles, and consequently felt it to be their duty to ask the Government very respectfully to bring the existing war to a termination. That was about the purport of the memorial. He had received a letter from an officer of the association from which the memorial proceeded, stating very modestly that Congress, last year, had been kind enough to order those memorials which were sent in by them to be printed. From that letter he understood that there were about nine hundred persons present at the meeting at which this memorial was prepared, and he really thought it was but a small privilege to be granted to so numerous a body of petitioners, that their memorial should be printed. It was a very trifling mark of consideration to a body of petitioners at any time, one which was seldom denied to any, he believed, especially to so large and respectable a body as this—a body which came together to make, in respectful terms, certain representations founded upon their religious principles. Was the Senate prepared to refuse to print their memorial? Were they ashamed to publish it to the world? Were they willing to refuse so small a boon? It was certainly not asking much of Congress to ask merely that this brief memorial, containing the views of the petitioners, be printed. Under these circumstances, he confessed that he was somewhat surprised at the decision of the committee upon this subject. It was not, he admitted, an affair of very great magnitude, as to whether the memorial should be printed by the Senate, or not; but it was an expression of opinion from a large body of persons, and he thought that expression of opinion deserved at least to be laid before the public. This much he would say too in regard to the petitioners, and he believed that most of those who heard him would sanction the assertion, that a more orderly and peace-loving society of individuals did not exist than that class called the Society of Friends. When, he would ask, had any irregular or improper proceeding been known to occur on the part of those people? When they approached Congress it was but to make known to Government what their religious feelings were. He thought there could certainly be nothing objectionable in ordering the memorial to be printed; and he moved, therefore, that it be printed.

Mr. Simmons said he was sorry to find that the report of the committee was unfavourable to the printing of this memorial. He had been led to believe, as memorials of this description were printed last year, that it would be done again. He thought these petitioners, whose memorial seemed to be couched in very respectful terms, ought to be gratified in their wish to have their memorial printed. It was certainly a very cheap mode of affording gratification to a large and highly respectable body of people. He again expressed his surprise at the conclusion to which the committee had come in reference to this memorial.

Mr. Sevier asked for the reading of the memorial, and it was accordingly read by the Secretary, as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The memorial of the Representatives of the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends for New England respectfully showeth:

That, as it is well known to be one of our distinguishing religious principles, in accordance, as we apprehend, with the spirit of the Gospel, and the precepts of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that all wars and fighting are wrong, and forbidden to Christians, we, being now assembled on the general concerns of our Society, have had our attention solemnly turned to the existing war between this country and Mexico.

And, under a belief that it is our religious duty, we do most respectfully entreat you to advise and adopt such measures as will put a speedy end to the existence of this war, with the multiplied evils and direful calamities attendant upon it. We very earnestly solicit you to direct your attention to the subject, and are persuaded that, by giving your favourable consideration to our petition, you will avert evils unspeakable, both from our country, and from Mexico, and will for yourselves secure the blessing of Him who regardeth the cries of those who are ready to perish.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Representatives aforesaid. Held at New Bedford, Massachusetts, the second day of 12th month, 1846.

SAMUEL BOYCE, Clerk.

The presiding officer then stated the pending motion, in accordance with the intention of the mover, (Mr. Davis,) to be, to strike out the word "not" from the report of the Committee on Printing.

Mr. Atherton said he regretted that the Senator from Rhode Island should have received a wrong impression regarding the intention of the committee. He had certainly not intended to convey to the Senator the idea that he favoured the printing of memorials.

Mr. Simmons desired to ask the gentleman if he had not understood the gentleman to say that memorials of this description were printed last year?

Mr. Atherton replied, that there were such memorials printed last year, and for the reason, as he understood, that other memorials, coming from another Society of Friends, had been previously printed, and it was thought proper that they should be placed upon the same footing. But, in the debate which took place in the Senate, some reason was demanded for printing them, and he confessed that, as chairman of the Committee on Printing, he found it a very difficult matter to assign any satisfactory reason. In reference to what had been said by the Senator from Massachusetts, he would observe that the committee had not arrived at the conclusion to which they had come from any want of respect to the petitioners, or to the rights of the petitioners. They were a very respectable body of men, he had no doubt; in fact, this was evident from reading their petition. It was conceived in very respectful terms, and this was the case in regard to petitions generally which came before that body; and they were generally from the most respectable sources. Yet the general rule was, that petitions and memorials were not to be printed unless in some extraordinary and special cases. It seemed to him, and he believed to a majority of the Senate also, that there was nothing in these memorials which should take them out of the general rule. When a petition was presented to the Senate embodying statistics, facts, and arguments, even then it was not *generally* considered necessary to print such petition, because it would necessarily be referred to a committee, and the facts and arguments contained in it would be embraced in the report of that committee, if the matter should be favourably reported upon, and would then be placed before the Senate for its solemn consideration. But could it be of any importance that this petition should be printed? It could have no other effect than that of swelling the amount of documents printed at the expense of the Senate. These were the considerations which influenced his mind; and it certainly seemed to him that, unless they established a rule to print all memorials, there was no reason for making this an exception.

Mr. Chalmers said that the Senator from Rhode Island had not furnished him, as a member of the Committee on Printing, with any reason why this memorial should be made an exception to the rule which excludes petitions and memorials in general from being printed.

Mr. Simmons said he was under the impression that the committee was equally divided on the subject.

Mr. Chalmers said he was opposed to printing these memorials last year, and he was opposed to printing the present, for the reason that it stated only what was well known to them all before, that the petitioners were opposed to war. It seemed to him wholly unnecessary, then, that it should be printed. He was sure that nothing which he had said was calculated to produce the impression upon the mind of the Senator from Rhode Island that he was favourable to the establishment of a rule which would exclude all petitions and memorials from being printed. As long as he continued to be a member of the Committee on Printing, he should expect to exercise his judgment in all cases, and to go for printing when he thought printing was necessary. As to the present memorial, he thought it was entirely unnecessary: and, in his opinion, it was in nowise disrespectful towards the petitioners to refuse to print the memorial.

Mr. Davis said he did not consider it to be worth while to print every memorial that was presented to the Senate upon unimportant matters; but he did hold that the subject involved in this memorial was a great and important one; it was a subject in which the whole country was interested; in which all the individuals which composed that country were interested. The memorialists, in the present case, came there to express their wishes in regard to this subject, and this they did in the most respectful terms; and they were desirous that those opinions might be published to the world. It seemed to him that this was a reasonable desire, and that it should be complied with. One word more and he would have done with the subject. He believed there had been repeated instances, and some even since this session commenced, in which memorials not entitled probably to more favour and consideration than this one, had been printed. He demanded the yeas and nays on his motion.

Mr. Westcott said he felt inclined to vote against this motion, not through any disrespect to the petitioners, but because it might be considered as establishing a precedent for the printing of memorials of a trifling and unimportant character, and which had little or nothing to do with the business before Congress, but were calculated rather for the advancement of certain arguments and opinions. In regard to the present memorial, he would suggest, if it were intended to print it by way of compliment or expression of consideration for the society from which it emanated, there was a better mode of testifying that consideration to which the respectability of the petitioners entitled them on the part of Congress. They remonstrated against this war with Mexico on general grounds; that it was against the laws of God to make war; that all fighting is contrary to the divine law. Let the petition, then, if it were intended to act upon it at all, be referred to the appropriate committee, the Committee on Military Affairs, or such committee as had the most knowledge on the subject, to ascertain whether the war with Mexico was a justifiable war. He could see no propriety in printing the memorial unless they were determined to act upon it.

Mr. Crittenden said he did not doubt at all the liberality of the Committee on Printing, or the necessity for a restriction and limitation in the matter of printing; but he thought there were some circumstances attending this memorial which should induce them to discriminate, and to deviate a little from the rule usually observed.—This memorial came from a very respectable and intelligent body of people. It related to a subject of general and public concern, and not only to a subject of national concern, but of spiritual, of religious concern. Cromwell suffered himself to be remonstrated with, not only privately, but publicly and openly, in regard to war; and why should the Senate refuse to listen to a respectful remonstrance from a respectable body of Christians, even though it might be attended with the consequence of increasing the printed documents of the Senate, or even of placing such remonstrance upon the Journal of the Senate? He hoped this mark of consideration and respect would be paid to the petitioners. He would be loth to refuse them the indulgence of their dream of the universal peece of nations. They desired to establish universal peace, and such desire, chimerical though it might be, marked, distinguished, and ennobled their character. Their dream should be indulged, however little we had it in our power to realize such anticipations. It was not this war especially that they protested against; their principles were opposed to all wars, to all fighting; not from calculations of worldly loss or advantage, but their opposition proceeded from a divine source. It was not, the prayer which they made to every Government on earth, in respect to every war. Their opposition was to war in general, to strife, and contention, and bloodshed among men. This it was against which they now offered their peaceful and respectful prayer. He would say, let their remonstrance be printed, though it cost as much as the celebrated map about which there had been so much discussion this morning. The reason why he perhaps felt a little more interest in this matter than some other gentleman did, was because, in a day or two, he intended to present a petition similar in character, though coming from a somewhat different source, and he intended to ask for its printing. It was signed by some of his most respectable constituents, and he might say some of the most respectable and intelligent persons within the whole United States. They asked for the establishment of some tribunal which should be charged with the settlement of national controversies without a resort to war. His apology for not presenting their petition when he had received it, at the close of the last session, was, that he thought it probable most of them were already on their way to the Rio Grande. Their feelings were in favour of peace, for they believed it to be most agreeable to the God of humanity, but they hesitated not to arm themselves in their country's cause. Such were the sentiments entertained by the good and illustrious Franklin. He believed it to be inhuman and illegal for nations to go to war. He would give these petitioners so far an evidence of his respect as to print their memorial, and he hoped the Committee on Printing would so far exercise their discrimination as to make memorials of this description an exception to their general rule for the limitation or restriction on printing.

Mr. J. M. Clayton said he hoped the Senate would adhere to its rules in regard to all memorials of this nature. To depart from them would be to give an undue importance to some memorials over others. By looking back to what had heretofore been done, he believed it would be found that there had been no instance in which such a memorial had been presented to the Senate and had not been printed. Last year, while the country was alarmed by the apprehension of a war, this same class of citizens forwarded similar memorials from the States of New-York, Vermont, and Michigan, and on that occasion he had made two distinct motions to print the memorials, and there was not a solitary objection. He had then inquired what was the usual course in regard to them, and was told that it was to print them. Were they to refuse now to print them it would undoubtedly be looked upon as a mark of disrespect towards these people, who were regarded on all hands as a highly respectable body of men. There could be no possible harm in printing the memorial; but to refuse to print would probably give offence to the petitioners. He hoped it would be printed.

Mr. Sevier said it appeared to him to be a matter of very trifling importance whether the memorial should be printed or not. To be sure, it was very respectful in its language, and came from a very respectable source, but it merely prayed for that which he supposed everybody was anxious to see effected—the restoration of peace.—If there were any who were opposed to peace he did not know where they were to be found. He was opposed to the printing, because if they began the system of printing such documents, where would it end? They would have to pay for printing an immense mass of matter, not one item of which would ever be read. The petitions referred to by his friend from Delaware were in regard to the anticipated war about Oregon. They were presented when there was no war, but the case was now entirely different. He would care little about the printing, one way or the other, were it not that it would probably be but the entering wedge to the admission of an infinite amount of printing of the same kind. They would find their tables loaded daily with petitions of a similar character. He thought they had use for all the money they had in the Treasury, and he was not disposed to divert from its legitimate uses some thousands of dollars, which he apprehended it would amount to before they got through, and apply it to the printing of a quantity of useless matter; giving no new light, containing only what was known to all, desired by all.

Mr. Simmons said the Senator from Arkansas had referred to the former experience of the Senate to justify the position he had taken; but the Senator would recollect that last year the committee selected the memorials coming from the Society of Friends, and printed them without printing the ordinary petitions. As to the objection of the Senator that a flood of other memorials would come in, experience proved exactly the reverse. These memorialists very seldom troubled Congress. They were a people not only most desirous of peace, but they were the most peaceable people in the world. They themselves set the example of peace. The Senator from Florida seemed to suppose that there was a better mode of showing respect to the petitioners than by complying with their request that their memorial should be printed. It was certainly a modest and simple request, and he was at a loss to know how they could better testify their respect for the memorialists than by complying with it.

Mr. Niles said he certainly thought the Senate was this morning engaged in a very small business; first, in a spirited discussion in regard to a map, and now in a highly interesting debate about printing a memorial.—He was sorry to see the Senate engaged in matters like these at a time when the country was unfortunately engaged in a war. Their constituents would certainly conclude that all was well; that there was nothing to be done. And the yeas and nays had even been demanded in this matter. This would throw upon him the awful responsibility of voting upon it—of voting upon a question of printing a memorial! He hardly knew how to act under such a responsibility. He always liked the Quakers, but he liked the fighting Quakers best. In the war of the Revolution there was a distinguished Quaker of the name of Greene, and in the war of 1812 one of the name of Brown.

He was the friend of the Quakers; and he liked them also because they were the friends of peace, and because they never entered into political contests, or favoured party interests to further their own purposes. They belonged not to any party; they were not a war party in time of peace, nor a peace party, politically speaking, in time of war; they were always the same—always for peace. They now asked to be heard. He was willing that they should be heard. He could see no very great objection to printing their memorial; and, notwithstanding the weighty responsibility of giving a vote upon so momentous a question, he had come to the conclusion to vote in favour of printing.

[The remarks of Mr. Niles elicited much merriment.]

The yeas and nays were then taken upon the motion to strike out the word "not" from the report of the Committee on Printing, and resulted as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Archer, Badger, Barrow, Berrien, John M. Clayton, T. Clayton, Corwin, Crittenden, Davis, Evans, Greene, Jarnagin, Johnson, of Maryland, Mangum, Morehead, Niles, Phelps, Simmons, Upham, and Woodbridge—21.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Benton, Breese, Bright, Butler, Cass, Chalmers, Dickinson, Dix, Houston, Lewis, Semple, Sevier, Sturgeon, Turney, Westcott, and Yulee—21.

The presiding officer voted with the nays, and the motion being thus negatived,

Mr. Mangum moved that the memorial be laid upon the table; which motion was agreed to without a division, and the memorial was laid upon the table.

We are curious to see how any sincere attempt like that detailed below will be met by the South. No doubt these impracticable gradualists, as we believe them to be, will be declared as putting back the cause of emancipation as much as the most rabid of the immediatists. We copy from the Boston Courier:

The following petition in support of the Hon. David Sears' plan for emancipation, is, we understand, now in circulation for signatures, in this, and several other of the States.

The last census of the United States gave 420,000 as the number of females under ten years of age, and 390,000 as the number of female slaves between the ages of ten and twenty years. Now Mr. Sears's plan contemplates the purchase of one, or both of these classes, at a price to be agreed on. It is estimated that at their present average value, they could be bought and emancipated at a cost much less than the expenses of the last war of the nation with Great Britain, and for less than the probable cost of the present war with Mexico.

There is little doubt that, *for such a cause*, a loan at 3 per cent. could readily be obtained in Europe.

In relation to the Commissioners to be appointed by Congress, Mr. Sears's idea is, that they should be invested with power to propose to the several Legislatures of the slave States, a purchase of one, or both of the classes of female slaves, above mentioned, and *with instructions to close a contract with any one of said States* which may agree to accept the terms of their commission. The money to be paid to the States, and to be by them apportioned.

The summary of the plan is as follows:—"Female slaves, born prior to 1850, are to be purchased and made free,—children born of such females, and after that date, all children, are to be born free. In a word, that after 1850, there is to be no hereditary Slavery in the United States, its territories, or dependencies. Now I am ready to acknowledge a right of property in slaves,—living, tangible, and existent,—but not a right to hold the *race* in bondage through all future time. And in order to avoid the dangers and difficulties which might arise from an immediate and unqualified liberation of a debased and ignorant class, I have suggested that children who may be born after 1850 should be apprenticed to their owners, or others, until they are twenty-one years of age, on the proviso, that they receive from their masters a suitable education to fit them for their improved condition. And this is to apply to all children born after that period, whether their mothers have been freed by appropriations made by Congress or not. The process once begun, and the impediment to our being a powerful, a united, and a happy people, is forever removed." [Extract from a reply of Mr. Sears, to a committee of citizens of Philadelphia.]

PETITION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

The petition of the undersigned citizens of ———, respectfully asks, that you will consider the expediency of endeavouring to effect such a change in the constitution or laws, as shall appropriate the public lands of the nation in aid of the extinction of Slavery throughout the Union.

Also, the expediency of appointing commissioners, whose duty it shall be—under such conditions as Congress may determine—to purchase and emancipate slaves,—being female children born prior to 1850. And, also, of making annual appropriations by law for the purpose, on a pledge of said public lands, with a declaratory act, that from and after 1850, there shall be no hereditary Slavery. But that on and after that date, every child born within the United States of America, their jurisdiction and territories, shall be born free.

Mr. Barclay Martin, of Tennessee, in a recent speech in Congress, in reply to his colleague, Mr. Gentry, very properly rebuked those members who voted for the Mexican war, to save themselves from odium on one side, while they denounce it in no measured terms, to escape unpopularity on the other. Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, has already boasted, on the floor of Congress, that in spite of the opposition made to his election because of his vote on the war bill, he was re-elected by a large majority. We copy a paragraph or two from Mr. Martin's speech:

What he charged on the President was, that the war had been commenced by the President and carried on by the President. [Here he quoted Mr. Gentry's speech.] The President had said it was commenced by Mexico: and this the gentleman charged as a lie. Now, what would the House say if he could show that this very lie had been endorsed by the gentleman himself? Here Mr. Martin quoted the Executive message in May; and then the terms of the act by which the existence of the war had been recognized, in which it was stated that war existed, and that it existed "by the act of Mexico." This clause was in an amendment moved by Mr. Brinkerhoff, and carried by a majority of 123 to 67; and his colleague, then acting under his oath of office, had voted ay to that declaration. Where now was the (scriptural) lie found? at whose door did it lie? It lay in his colleague's vote on that floor. He would do him the justice, however, to say that he believed he would lie neither morally, politically, nor scripturally. The man who formed a lie was culpable, but the man who published it, knowing it to be a lie, was far more so. The President said this war was begun by Mexico; his colleague endorsed this and made it public. Oh, consistency, consistency, what a jewel it was! But that of his colleague was but a corrupt mass of native deformity.

Mr. Martin went on to say that, after he heard the clarion voice of his colleague cry "ay" to such a resolution, he counted on him as a supporter of the war; but after a few months he came back, and was found the advocate of Mexico and her interests. Mr. Martin was amused with the attempts of his colleague to excuse himself. He could not but think of the words of a little verse which he had once read:

"'Twill haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as fancy's thought."

Mr. Martin adverted to the disheartening effect on one engaged in a fight of telling him that he was in the wrong. The course of his colleague last session reminded him of the case of a man in Europe, who fancied himself very religious, but was seized with the belief that one of his legs was orthodox and the other heterodox, and he resolved to punish the heterodox by his laying it out in the cold when he covered the other in bed. Now, he would ask of his colleague which was the patriotic leg, and which was the Mexican leg? [A laugh.] When was he right—this session or the last?

We receive the following article in an Extra of the "Advocate of Peace," and cheerfully comply with the request to copy it. An appeal for peace, however, will be much more likely to be heeded by those who are neither themselves ministers of the Gospel, nor under their influence, and by the secular rather than by the professedly "religious papers." The "Advocate" will surely be disappointed if it looks for any good thing to come out of the American Church. We cannot expect a pro-slavery Church to seek to terminate a pro-slavery war.

THE MEXICAN WAR:

WHAT SHALL BE DONE TO HASTEN ITS TERMINATION?

We think it time to press this question upon the serious consideration of our countrymen. We would call their attention to it without distinction of party, and ask every one to inquire for himself what he ought to do or attempt for the speedy termination of our present war with Mexico.

This war *might* be terminated very soon. If a spirit of peace should pervade both parties; if either party, actuated by such a spirit, should stop fighting, and then offer to settle the points in dispute by fair reference to competent and impartial umpires; if war passions, and the semi-barbarous code of national honour did not goad them on in the work of mutual mischief and destruction; if the mass of the people in each or either country would call aloud for peace, or their rulers set themselves at work in earnest for a consummation so devoutly to be wished; how soon might this war come to a close, perhaps without even another drop of blood!

Such a result is confessedly possible. And does not its bare possibility impose on every good man the duty of doing all in his power to arrest the murderous, suicidal strife now going on between these republics? Does not every principle of our religion, every dictate of humanity, every motive of patriotism, every just view of all the interests at stake, require such services of us at the present crisis?

If asked *what* you shall do for the speedy termination of this war, we answer that a great deal may be done by every class and every individual in the community. A public sentiment, once set universally and strongly against its further prosecution, would bring it to an end very soon; and every person in the land can do something to help form such a sentiment, and give it utterance and efficacy. If this sentiment were expressed in the way of petitioning our rulers to take measures to stop the war, and such petitions were poured into Congress from men of every party at the East and the West, at the North and the South, would not their wishes be heeded, and the war be brought at once to a close? So it seems to us; and hence we would urge upon all the importance of their petitioning Congress to use its constitutional powers in arresting this war, and securing a just and honourable peace without any more bloodshed.

May we not appeal especially to Christians? They believe in a gospel of peace; they are the professed followers of the Prince of Peace; and are bound, as we conceive, by every principle of their religion, to do all they can to stay the crimes and miseries of war. There are said to be in the United States some 45,000 Christian churches of every name, with three or four millions of members; and, if half these millions, in every sect and party through the land, would only unite in earnest against the further continuance of this war, would they not be sure to succeed?

Still more earnestly would we appeal to ministers of the Gospel. They are the moral guides of the people; and, commissioned from the Prince of Peace, and the God of Peace, as preachers of a peaceful religion, ought they not to lead the van of efforts for the restoration and continuance of peace? Can they, without being recreant to God and humanity, shrink from such services at a time like the present? There are in the whole country, it is said, some 35,000 such heralds of peace; and, if they should all lift up their voices against the continuance of this war, would it not come to an end very soon? And what service would be more important, or more appropriate to their office?

More powerful still is the periodical press upon the mass of minds through the community. There are in the United States more than 100 religious papers, and some 1500 or more of every class, reaching every neighbourhood, and every leading mind, with their daily or weekly issues. How easy for such a multitude of papers, if only united and earnest for peace, to insure its speedy, almost instant restoration!

Permit us, then, to bespeak, gentlemen of the press, your special co-operation for this purpose. We ask it without distinction of party. We do not wish you in this case to lift your voice either for or against any party as such; nor do we see why honest men of all parties cannot consistently co-operate for an object which every one of them desires. You are the law givers of that public sentiment which must, sooner or later, determine what measures shall be taken to stop this war between sister Republics whose interests are, and whose hearts ought to be, one now and ever. Will you not then use your best endeavours for peace by opening your columns to its claims, and inditing articles yourselves in its behalf?

NUMA.

LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Communicated through the Baltimore Saturday Visiter.

BALTIMORE, 10th December, 1846.

To Governor Smith of Virginia:

DEAR COUSIN:—I have read with considerable interest that part of your late message, which speaks of getting rid of the "free negroes," and prefer to tell you so in this public way.

I like the brilliant argument of yours, in which you mention that too large a proportion of free blacks are in the Penitentiary. This might be remedied hereafter, however, by sending more whites there. The strength of this idea shows out like "gun cotton," when we remember how difficult it is to convict a "free negro," of any crime he may be charged with, in a community composed of "Virginia gentlemen," who think as you do on this subject—and how easily it is to send slaves to the Penitentiary in harvest time. 'Tis true these free negroes don't commit burglaries, they don't counterfeit, nor forge; they do n't "murder men in their beds," on suspicion—but, the low-minded wretches—they steal!!! And when they do steal, it is methinks to satisfy the cravings of hunger or some such contemptible matter.

I am glad you gave a slap at the fanatical Northerners, any of whom would "*kindle into flame our social edifice.*" They have no right to express an opinion as to the humanity or policy of anything beyond their respective States. They find spinning cotton more profitable than raising hogs, and for the same reason, if we find that breeding slaves, "pays better" than breeding hogs, (as has been found to be the case in the neighbourhood of James River,) what right have any of them to say anything about it, even at their firesides!

Great advantage would arise by sending off these forty-nine thousand "free negroes and mulattoes," (though some of the latter would be our *half-brothers,*) it would enhance the value of the slaves in the proportion to their number compared with the slaves, and thereby give "incidental protection," to what has become one of the "staple productions" of our glorious State!! For instance, your Bill and Sal, (if you have slaves of those names) would be worth fifty to one hundred dollars more each, by this operation. Now, coarse-minded people might say that this "bold and decided treatment" was intended for the benefit of the breeches-pocket of yourself, by making slave labour in demand, &c. but they are a set of Northern fanatics.

But I don't exactly like the method you would use to *exterminate* the "unhappy race." How would hanging do? and how would it do, instead of putting eighty-two in the Penitentiary, to put eighty-two in prison in every county? This would be a good commencement, inasmuch as, in the language of your message—"*The right to do so cannot be questioned.*" If this plan was found to work well, the number could be increased.

I have no doubt that any of the fanatical middle and Northern States would be glad to receive forty-nine thousand destitute people into their communities, besides paying their passage. The fact is, we could hardly expect it, unless we sent them all at once.

Yours, affectionately,
JOHN SMITH.

Communications.

We publish this letter as requested, and without comment. Our correspondent, Morris Kingsbury, we presume, is capable of substantiating all his statements:

FULTON, December 19th, 1846.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR SIR:—On looking over the last number of your paper, I saw a letter written by a Mr. Kingsbury, in reference to some meetings held in our place, by Mr Brown, in which I saw some false statements. I had hoped, Sir, that those lying spirits had finished their work in the days when they offered themselves to lie against a certain nation and people; but alas, they continue their old work still, by saying the Liberty party friends raised a hue and cry of anti-Church, anti-ministry, anti-Sabbath. But, Sir, can this party be friends to that spirit when they are crying against his darling? I answer no. But, Sir, I am acquainted with the leading men of the Liberty party in this village, and I heard no such thing said; and it was by their influence that I became a subscriber for your paper.

This spirit says, his eloquent appeals (Mr. Brown's) in behalf of his brethren in bonds, on Monday evening, raised such an excitement that, notwithstanding the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church had, two days previous, refused to let him into their house, because he was a Garrison Abolitionist, now threw open their door, and came by hundreds. This spirit says, on Monday evening, there was such an excitement, that notwithstanding the trustees had, two days previous, refused to let him into their house. Now, Sir, the trustees must have heard this lecture two days before it was delivered; for the Methodist Episcopal Church was not opened for Mr. Brown after Monday evening. He says friend Brown reviewed that rope of sand—the Constitution of the United States—and proved it to be a pro-slavery compact, and that no consistent Abolitionist could vote or take office under it. This rope of sand must be a strong rope, to require such men as Mr. Brown and your able writers to demolish it. It was said that the Liberty party was displeased, and rushed to the rescue. They did ask some questions, and Mr. Brown did discharge at them a volley of wit, and sarcasm, and buffoonery, of a coarse kind, and they did hide their heads rabbit-like, being disgusted with the speaker. And you know, Sir, that a rabbit is a very inoffensive animal, and I wish it was as true of the Liberty party as of the rabbit. But it seems that this spirit had got beside itself, for you hear him crying out, that hollow-hearted, soulless incubus, Liberty partyism!

Again; it was said, he (Mr. Brown) was invited to give another lecture on Disunion. He accepted, and by noon, out came a flaming handbill, saying that by special invitation, he would give another lecture on Disunion. This is false, there was no invitation for Mr. Brown to deliver a lecture on Disunion, for I saw the billet sent to Mr. Brown. No flaming handbill came out, that Mr. Brown would lecture on Disunion.

Now, Sir, we wish you to correct this spirit through your columns.

A word further. This spirit says the Liberty party in Fulton, have sent for one of their lecturers, (Martin Mitchel,) to follow friend Brown through the country; this is utterly false.

Yours, in haste,
HENRY C. HIBBARD.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 31, 1846.

The Oak.

What gnarled stretch, what depth of shade is his,
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king;
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss;
Sun, storm, rain, dew to him their tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant royalty
Accepts, as over-payeth what is lent;
All nature seems his vassal proud to be
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,
Whose broad unmantled face more kingly shows
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown;
His boughs make music in the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front,
Where clinging snow-flakes with quaint art repair
The dents and furrows of Time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March wind
Persuade to seem faint breaths of summer breeze,
And win the soil, that fain would be unkind,
Fealty to pay allegiance to his ease:
He is the gem; and all the landscape wide,
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense),
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
An empty socket were he fallen thence.

So, from oft converse with life's wintry gales,
Should man learn how to elasp with tougher roots
The inspiring earth,—How otherwise avails
The leaf-creating sap that sunward shoots?
So every year that falls with noiseless flake
Should fill old scars up on the storm-ward side,
And make hoar age admired for age's sake,
Not for traditions of youth's leafy pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,
So, between earth and heaven stand simply great
As these shall seem but their attendants both;
For nature's forces with obedient zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will;
As readily the seemer's cheat they feel
And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

Lord, all thy works are lessons, each contains
Some emblem of man's all-containing soul;
Shall he make fruitless all thy glorious pains,
Delving within thy grace an eyeless mole?
Make me the least of thy Dodona-grove,
Cause me some message of thy truth to bring,
Speak but a word through me, and let thy love
Among my boughs delight to perch and sing.

J. R. L.

The New England Society.

The New England Society held its annual meeting in this city, last week. It is represented in the papers as having been an exceedingly interesting occasion. It is evident from these reports, however, that there was the usual amount of "blarney." The custom seems to be to send to New England for an orator, and if the gentleman chosen does not, as a preparative, visit the "blarney stone," at Plymouth, it is only because his native genius renders it entirely unnecessary. The person on whom the choice fell on this occasion was the Rev. Charles W. Upham, an ex-Unitarian minister, who seems to be a fair representative of the present generation of the descendants of the Pilgrims, and believes that there is nothing in them worthy of imitation but their cant and spirit of persecution. In a meagre report of the reverend gentleman's speech, we observe that "he contended that God is himself working out the extinction of Slavery, and condemns the noisy outeries and convulsive efforts of fanaticism, which seeks in vain to accelerate an event whose approach is certain. God works without noise, and has implanted in the institution of Slavery the seeds of its decay and dissolution." He proceeds, however, to show by arguments which have always made a part of the "noisy outeries and convulsive efforts of fanaticism," and to which he is indebted for them, that Freedom is altogether better than Slavery. He most have had the most unbounded confidence in his own powers of "blarney," or the utmost contempt for the *greenness* of his hearers, if he thought he could palm off such vapid nonsense as this for anything else than what it really is. If God is himself working out the extinction of Slavery, and the event cannot be hurried by the "noisy and convulsive efforts"—surely no great crime in such a cause—of His creatures, it is fair to presume that He does not need even the assistance of the Rev. Charles W. Upham. The reverend orator is certainly stepping most widely out of his sphere, and dragging these money-getting pilgrim sons of the Pilgrims of the New England Society with him when he undertakes to retail the A, B, C, arguments which the Abolitionists long ago made familiar to every intelligent person over twelve years of age this side, and many the other, of Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Upham had better have stayed at home if he had no other errand to his wandering brethren than this.

The oration was followed by a dinner, at which the speech-makers seem not so much to have profited by the precept of Mr. Upham as by his example. They evidently did not believe that God intended to abolish Slavery, or if he did they thought, some of them, that it was their duty to help him, others to prevent such an unwarrantable interference with our Peculiar Institutions. The Rev. Mr. Bellows had something to say on the Union, loyalty to which, he conceives, should be "the religious sentiment of the whole American people." Loyalty to things *just as they are* we have long understood to be the religious sentiment of Mr. Bellows, and, of course, he would include the Union, though its bond were ten times the number of outraged millions it now is. His speech is reported as the first, and the claims of the Union to veneration which he made were ably sustained by some military and naval gentlemen, in speeches in praise of our glorious army and navy, and the necessity of fighting on now we were in a war. One person, and we would not fail to mention him, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, ventured to denounce the war. Gov. Pennington, of New Jersey, if not a Yankee, deserves to be one, for a speech in which he set forth, we should judge from the Report, in a most happy manner, one side, and the most obvious one, of the Yankee character. Praying and fighting he thought should go together. To "pray to God, and keep their powder dry," he understood as the two great governing principles of the Pilgrim Fathers. If *he* understood Scripture, "it was the duty of all men to ask the aid of God, and then to do all they could to help themselves." Was not that worthy of State street and Park street Meeting-house?

The reporter of the Tribune says that Mr. Upham advanced some notions in regard to reform, which he—the reporter—would rather not repeat. We are inclined to think that there was a good deal of this feeling in regard to the whole affair. The skeleton which some wise man of old time said sat at every banquet, seems at this festival to have been multiplied and to stand behind every man's chair. Slavery in all its shapes stared at them *from* every side, and turn which side they would, they could not escape the sight of the grim monster.

MR. GARRISON publishes in the last Liberator, a letter of his own, to Mr. Collector Morton, of Boston, asking him to remit the duty of $60, on the service of plate, the gift of the ladies of Edinburgh, and which Mr. Garrison brought with him from England. It would certainly have been a very handsome thing in the Collector, and no more than just, to have permitted this service to have passed duty-free, as it was not brought in to be sold, and was not even bought with American money. We are surprised, however, that Mr. Garrison should have expected it. The officials at the Boston, or any other American Custom-House, would be exceedingly conscientious in the discharge of their duty, when anything of Mr. Garrison's should come before them for appraisement, and the exaction of customs would be as agreeable to them in such a case, as if the money were to go to lining their own pockets. Something was perhaps to be expected from the courtesy of Collector Morton, but we must remember that that gentleman was a man before he was Collector, and that after all, he is still governed, probably, by some merely personal interests. He belongs to a party, and looks for preferment, and a less matter has been urged against a candidate for the crumbs of party, than the remitting of sixty dollars of duty on a tea service, presented to the leader of the Abolitionists by foreigners, in token of their approval of his warfare against the "Institutions" of his country. We do not wonder at Mr. Morton, though we should have been glad for his own sake, as well as Mr. Garrison's, to have been surprised at an official generosity which led him to forget personal considerations.

Letter from Albert Barnes.

We regret that the mistake which is corrected in the following letter, should have occurred. It was, we presume, mere inadvertence on the part of the writer of the paragraph. We should have added the quotation marks, however, had we had a copy of Dr. Barnes' book to refer to:

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

Will you do me the favour to correct what may possibly be a misapprehension in regard to a sentiment said to have been made by me, in your paper of the 17th instant. The sentiment attributed to me is in the following paragraph in your paper:

HYPOCRISY.—It will be remembered that the Rev. *Albert Barnes* says: THERE IS NO POWER OUT OF THE CHURCH THAT COULD SUSTAIN SLAVERY AN HOUR, IF IT WERE NOT SUSTAINED IN IT: But the most the Church can do, is, instead of withdrawing that support, to advise all to *pray* against Slavery.

From this it might be inferred, perhaps, that I had given utterance to the *whole* of this sentiment. Such an inference, however, would be incorrect. The first part of the statement—that printed in small capitals,—I have made; and believe it to be founded on truth; the other part I have *not* made, and do *not* believe to be correct.

I am, very respect

the blue vault of Heaven." We doubt if it would be much loss to the cause of religion and morality if the church should follow the tower, and the rest of the churches of the city take the same upward movement.

A PROPER DISTINCTION.—The Philadelphia American Citizen in a notice of the Fair of its party, speaks of that of our friends, held the week previous, as the "Anti-Slavery Fair," while the other, it designates as that of the "Liberty (party) friends." We commend the candour that admits the distinction.

☞ We are indebted to Hon. J. R. Giddings for his speech on the Mexican War, delivered on the 15th inst. in the House of Representatives.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. XI.

Pearson, the Kidnapper, and Johnson, the Slave—The Devil's due—Reception Meeting for Mr. Garrison, in Faneuil Hall—His Speech—Scottish Memorial and True Evangelical Alliance—Wendell Phillips—The Boston Correspondent in Philadelphia—Public Meeting—Two Days' Convention—The Anti-Slavery Fair—Its Beauty and Success—Independence Hall—Prostitution of the Temple—The Faneuil Hall Bazaar—Decorations of the Hall—The Toy-Table—The Book-Table—Mr. Milton's Poems—The Foreign Contributions—The Domestic Ones—Speeches in the Evening—The Gas goes out—Success thus far—Sorrows and Joys suggested by the imperfect success of our Volunteers—Anecdote in illustration of the deadness of Massachusetts' Patriotism—Barbarous Treatment of a Volunteer by his Father, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 26th, 1846.

I see that my excellent friend, S. M——, with that nice sense of justice which always characterizes him, has given Pearson, the Boston kidnapper's version of the good story, I told you, in my last letter, of his dealings with the slave Johnson. The Devil, and even John H. Pearson, should have his due, and I hope it will be impartially awarded by the readers of the Standard. The issue is joined. The evidence is all in. It is a question of conflicting veracities. Either Pearson or Johnson has lied. The readers, who are judges and jury in the case, will believe which they think most deserving of credit. For my part, *I* believe Johnson.

We had a very good Reception Meeting here for Mr. Garrison, on the 11th instant, in Faneuil Hall. The hall was well filled, though not crowded,—the notice having been very insufficient, the weather bad, and the walking execrable. It would have been a crowded house in any other place; but Faneuil Hall was the only place that seemed appropriate to the occasion. And had we had but a week to get up the meeting, *that* would have been thronged. Edmund Quincy introduced the object of the meeting, and stated the purpose of Mr. Garrison's visit to England. He was followed by Mr. Garrison, who was received with much enthusiasm, and recited the results of his mission, particularly in relation to the Evangelical Alliance, and the Free Kirk of Scotland. His speech was very effective, and was interrupted and followed by long and loud applause. Wendell Phillips made a brief speech in conclusion, in the course of which he unrolled the Anti-Slavery Memorial of the ministers and office-bearers of the Scottish churches, to the corresponding functionaries in the United States, which was sent over, signed by some ten thousand persons, by Mr. Buffum, last summer, and which has been awaiting a proper occasion of public acknowledgment ever since.

As the endless length of signatures serpentined among the crowd below, all pressing to examine them, Mr. Phillips exclaimed that here was the true *Scottish* Evangelical Alliance, and its message to Slavery and pro-slavery in America! How different from the false *English* Alliance which had usurped the name, and so prostituted its testimony in behalf of crime! Mr. Phillips was unable to speak at much length, as his voice has not yet recovered from the effects of a severe attack of *scarletina*, last spring, and is rendered useless by the least access of cold. This is a very serious misfortune to the cause, which, it is to be hoped, will be soon removed. The audience, the great mass of whom I did not know, seemed greatly content with the meeting, and it went off in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Kirk, of Evangelical-Alliance-memory, had been specially invited to attend and justify its action, and a general invitation was extended to any present to say anything they could in its defence, but "they would not come when we did call for them!"

I have been in Philadelphia since I wrote to you, to attend the Anti-Slavery Convention and Fair held there, week before last. On Tuesday evening, 15th instant, a public meeting was held in the Franklin Hall, in Sixth (I believe, for I never was good at figures) street. Mr. Cyrus Burleigh first addressed the meeting, I followed, and Mr. Buffum concluded. The hall was filled, and the audience very attentive and apparently interested. On Thursday and Friday the Convention was held in the same place, and was very well attended. The relations of Slavery to the Constitution, and of ourselves to the Union, were the principal topics of discussion. The discussions excited considerable attention out of doors, as well as within the Convention, and were thought by intelligent friends to have been very beneficial.

The Fair opened on Thursday evening, in the Assembly Rooms, in Tenth street, (I am quite sure of my numeration here,) and was of the most elegant and attractive description. The hall is a very beautiful one, with eight windows on your left as you enter, hung with crimson draperies, and as many mirrors, extending from floor to ceiling opposite the windows, and the mirrors separated by elegant Corinthian pilasters, painted to represent variegated marble. The tables, over-arched with greenery, extended around three sides of the hall, and were covered with an infinite variety of elegant and useful things from abroad and from home. Each compartment of the walls was filled with an appropriate motto, and over the door of entrance, the words, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS" were conspicuous over all. The *coup d'œil* from the orchestra, when the hall was full, was singularly and strikingly beautiful.

The Hutchinson Family were kind enough to sing the two first evenings of the Fair, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. On Friday evening there was speaking, by myself, and Mr. Charles Burleigh, in a room opposite the hall of the Fair, but communicating with it,—being indeed a continuation of it. The attendance at the Fair was very numerous, almost excessive at times. The result was very gratifying to the ladies engaged in it,—being no less than $1,500,—an advance of $500 on any former occasion. Many of the Abolitionists from Bucks, and Chester, and other counties were present, and I had the happiness of seeing in the flesh many who had been long known and dear to me by the reputation of their zeal and good works. To those who know Philadelphia Abolitionists, it is superfluous to say that their hospitality was most unbounded in its kindness, and in its extent. It was a visit which I shall long remember with high satisfaction.

While in Philadelphia I made time to visit most of the objects of general curiosity. The only one on which I have time to remark is the Hall of Independence, where the Declaration was signed. It is a very handsome room, pannelled, and ornamented with wood carving, and some pictures. I mention it chiefly on account of the purpose to which it was prostituted, when I saw it.—There was one sitting there at the receipt of custom, to collect the contributions of the ladies towards the support of the families of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. During the few minutes that I was there, several silly women came in and cast in their mites. Truly, great is Humbug! I thought that it would be well for some one having authority, to enter and overturn the table of the money-changer, and purify the Temple of Liberty, which had thus been made a den of thieves.

I arrived in Boston on Tuesday morning, (22d,) just in time to witness the opening of the Faneuil Hall Bazaar. The experience of the last year had made the decoration of the Hall at once easier and more perfect than it was a year ago. Graceful arches of evergreens, springing between the pillars of the gallery, have the effect of reducing the great size of the room, and softening the excess of light. The banners of the Massachusetts Society float on high. The area within the colonade is surrounded by tables loaded with every species of elegant production. The toy-table, in the centre, breaks the expanse of the hall below, with its arched bower of evergreen and laurel-leaves. The book-table, under the portraits of Washington and Samuel Adams, stands on the right of the *rostrum*, elevated a little above the floor.—The profusion of beautiful writing materials, rare books, drawings, engravings, and *petits objets*, attracts a constant throng around it. One of the most interesting of its objects (soon snatched away!) was an edition of the works of "Mr. John Milton," in 1643, containing Comus, a few of the sonnets, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso and Lycidas. The typography and paper were beautiful, and the address of the printer to the reader very *piquant*.

On the corresponding elevation on the other side of the rostrum, and on the floor in front of it, are the tables of the contributions of the English, Scotch, and Irish friends. In beauty, value, and abundance, these collections exceed even those of former years. Around the remaining three sides of the hall are arranged the lavish contributions of the American Anti-Slavery women.—They seem to have been inspired with a true and generous emulation by the example of their British sisters, and the result is the amazing store of tasteful, elegant, and useful articles which heap those tables. Mr. May, and Mrs. Foster made addresses on Thursday evening, and Mr. Pillsbury and Mr. Buffum, on Friday evening. On Thursday evening, as Mrs. Foster was in the midst of her speech, the gas failed suddenly, and we were left in total darkness. Mrs. F. proceeded, however, as if nothing had happened, and an imperfect illumination was got up extemporaneously with candles, sufficient to hear and get out of the hall by. The attendance has been, thus far, very great; as may be inferred from the fact that nearly THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS were taken in the first *four* days.

You will be sorry to hear that there is small hope of Massachusetts having the honour to furnish a regiment for our common country. (*Very* "common and *unclean!*") But, then, like Lady Blarney, and Miss Carolina Wilhemina Amelia Skeggs, (I love to give the whole name) in the Vicar of Wakefield, you will be "very glad again" to hear that what companies we have raised have been mustered into service. So that there is some hope of our yet basking in the reflected rays of the glory of Captains Webster and Coy. But the martial distresses of these callow heroes have already begun, in the difficulty they find, first, in catching, and then, in keeping their recruits. I will conclude this letter with "an ower true tale," in point—

An Anti-Slavery friend of ours stepped into the hall where Captain Webster's company was to be mustered into the regular service. He was immediately accosted, and asked if he did not wish to volunteer? Answering that he did not propose doing so just at that time, he entered into conversation with the recruiting officer.

"Sir," said that functionary, "you have no idea what trouble we have with our men. Here Captain Webster has a hundred and twenty men on his list, and, yet, when they are wanted for the mustering, not half of them are to be found! I will give you an instance of what we have to encounter. A young man from the country enlisted. As soon as his father hears of it, he sues out a writ, sends down a sheriff's officer, arrests him, carries him over to the Insane Asylum, at Charleston, and *has his head shaved!* You see what difficulties are thrown in our way!"

Leaving this unfeeling, unfatherly, unpatriotic demonstration to the execration of every true American, I must hastily conclude this long epistle. D. Y.

Notes on New Books.

Evenings at Home. Flowers of Fable. Illustrated edition: Harper & Brothers.

The art of the decorater at the present day has been carried to a reprehensible and ridiculous extreme in the production of a class of old books for holyday presents. Imitations of illuminated missals have become as common and almost as costly as Gothic churches. The parables of our Saviour have been published in a little volume so thickly illustrated with lapis lazuli and gold leaf as to cost ten to twenty dollars; the Sermon on the Mount has been published in a similar style, with covers that, of themselves, cost enough to keep an ordinary family in the necessaries of life for a month; and Gray's Elegy has been issued with Sarcenic decorations, by Owen Jones, about as suitable for such a poem, as doves and olive branches would be for a border to Mr. Polk's last message, at eighteen dollars. The two beautifully illustrated gift-books, which we have placed at the head of this notice are in the true and wholesome style of art best adapted to the improvement and gratification of youthful minds. "Evenings at Home," we have ever regarded as the best book of the class that has been produced; it was one of the delights of our boy-hood, and it gives us pleasure to meet it now, like an old friend, dressed in the newest fashion.—B.

Letters on Astronomy, addressed to a Lady, with numerous engravings. By Dennison Olmstead, L. L. D.—New-York, Harper & Brothers.

Fortescue, a Novel. By J. Sheridan Knowles. Part 1. New-York, Harper & Brothers.

A novel by Sheridan Knowles is a novelty, but what claim Fortescue has upon the public, as a pleasant reading book, we shall not pretend to decide until we have seen it entire.—B.

Sailors' Life and Sailors' Yarns. By Captain Ringbolt. New-York, C. S. Francis & Co. 252 Broadway. Boston, J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street: 1847.

We are indebted to Messrs. Francis & Co. for a copy of this book, but we have only time to glance at its contents to give it a notice this week. Tales of sea-life are of all others the most captivating, and these seem to be full of that peculiar charm which makes them so. They are, we understand, by Capt. Sleeper, of the Boston Mercantile Journal, and little else is neccessary, therefore, than to announce the publication.

Blackwood for December.—Messrs. Scott & Co's. reprint appears with its usual punctuality. We turned with eagerness to a paper on "Lord Metcalf's Government of Jamaica," expecting to find on a subject so full of interest, an article worth reading. It is, however, little less than a panegyric on that nobleman, embracing few facts of importance, and written, evidently, by one who had no sympathy with the great struggle for freedom in the British West Indies. This number, however, contains much excellent reading, as Blackwood always does, both of fiction and fact.

The Liberty Bell.

We are indebted to a Fair friend for a copy of the Liberty Bell for 1847. Saving that it wants a portrait, it is equal to its predecessors in its outward seeming, and from the list of writers, and the hasty glance we have given it, we are quite sure that it is in no sense inferior. Our readers, we think, will not regret the room we take for some extracts, as specimens of the whole book. The first we make, is on the late Mr. Abdy, whose recent death we have omitted to mention from week to week, hoping some such notice as this from some one who knew him better than we.

EDWARD S. ABDY.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

The one thing needful in the prosecution of the anti-slavery enterprise is, that its advocates should cherish in themselves that discriminating moral sense, that high idea of duty, that uncompromising integrity, and that active fidelity to principle, which, taken conjointly, constitute high character.

The best security for the remembrance of this necessity, is the contemplation of such a noble life as has been recently closed in England by as true an ending—the life of Edward S. Abdy.

When the anti-slavery cause was struggling with its earliest difficulties, Mr. Abdy, then travelling in the United States with a brilliant reputation as a scholar, and as a gentleman, rose above the merely prudential and conventional maxim, that man, out of his own country, should be only an observer, and identified himself with a small and despised band who were acting on the principle that, man's country being the world, and his countrymen all mankind, no distinction of race or clime should bar the path of Justice or of Freedom.

In 1834, he published his valuable work—"Journal of a Year's Residence in the United States." His high reputation had commended it for reprint to an American publishing house, when the fact transpired that Mr. Abdy had sought out and sympathized with the small band of Abolitionists whom the world neglected, and condemned those whom the world was applauding for a contrary course. In deference to Slavery, the book was suppressed.

It would require a long biography to do justice to the uncompromising rectitude of this great, good man. Personal sympathy alone could not move him;—he renounced the fellowship of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery committee the moment he found they were Quakers and bankers more than Abolitionists; and the act prepared the way for the formation of the Anti Slavery League.

Mere expediency could not sway him;—he withdrew from the Anti-Corn-Law League, when it sent testimonials of respect to slaveholders: and the deed aroused the noble minds who were labouring for free-trade, to the importance of moral sanction in carrying on the work of moral snasion. Admiration could not delude him;—he saw and said, when observing the differences between Aboltionists and the most brilliant and influential intellects of this country, that they were wrong and the contemned Abolitionists were right;—and the strengthening efficacy of a just man's judgement has been as a tower of defence to the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The plea of ignorance he never made, to excuse himself from the duty of forming a judgment in cases of moral controversy. The meanness of neutrality in such cases he never was guilty of. The cowardice of "daring to say," in cases of moral opposition, "that there is blame on both sides," he never incurred the disgrace of. He was a Churchman, yet exalting the power of godliness above form; and ready to co-operate in doing good, irrespective of opinion, with every human being whose personal character he could trust in.

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one,

devoting his great acquirements to those on whom oppression enforces ignorance. He was well connected, holding a definite position in English society, and yet drawn by moral sympathy to the American Abolitionists to whom rank and fashion are but an idle sound.

By an extract from Mr. Abdy's will, communicated by his executor, it appears that his death, no less than his life, was a testimony to right and freedom; for he "gives and bequeaths the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, in trust, for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause," to one of the American Abolitionists.

But few of them have ever seen his face, but all who knew his character felt moved as by the loss of a brother, on hearing the news of his departure. All their cause needs to ensure its success is integrity, resolution, fidelity, and devotedness like his.

BOSTON, U. S.

THE FUGITIVE.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

We had the pleasure, recently, of an hour's conversation with Jonathan Thomas, a fugitive from the "domestic institution" of Kentucky, and heard from him a brief account of his escape from Slavery, and the dangers and sufferings he encountered in effecting it.

Henry Beale, a wealthy planter, of the county of Lexington, and about eighteen miles from the city of Lexington, was, by the laws of Kentucky, entitled to his "service or labour."

Beale was what is termed a kind master, and treated his slaves as well as the nature and condition of servitude permits. "Nevertheless," Thomas said, "I had from childhood a great wish to be free." After attaining the age of manhood, he made an agreement with his master to buy himself for one thousand dollars; to be paid, as he could, by over-work, earn small sums and deposit them with his master on account of the purchase. At the time of his master's death, in June last, he had paid very near four hundred dollars, and he was then thirty-three years old. Supposing him to have continued to pay for the future in the same ratio, he would have paid the whole sum and obtained his freedom at the age of fifty-two; sickness, casualties, and other contingencies excepted. The simple interest on his yearly payments would, in that time, have amounted to nine hundred and thirty dollars more, and thus, in reality, this kind master who had so *disinterestedly* permitted a favoured slave to emancipate himself, would have really received, over and above the fair daily earnings of a slave during these thirty-one years, (supposing the arrangement to commence when the slave was twenty-one years old,) nineteen hundred and thirty dollars, for a negro fifty-two years old, if measured by Time's hour-glass; but, if computed by labour done, and the wear and tear of excessive over-work, incited by the hope of freedom, we think he would have found the infirmities of seventy pressing upon his shattered frame.

These reflections have pressed themselves upon us, because this method of emancipation accords with the popular idea, and meets, too, the popular notions of justice and freedom, when applied to the relation of master and slave on the subject of emancipation. People who pass for very honest folks, are shocked at the idea of stripping the slaveholder of his property without pecuniary compensation, and will not stop to inquire by what right or justice he holds that property, or who must be literally and truly robbed to pay him for it. It is obvious, however, that emancipation can never, to any extent, be realized by the over-work of the slaves themselves; for none but the comparatively favoured few, who have some mechanical trade, can hope, by any possibility, to earn enough by over-work to purchase their freedom.

At the time of his master's death, Thomas was absent at work at his trade, which was that of a millwright. On his return home soon after, he found his master's son, John, in possession of the estate. This son he represents as a true specimen of "the chivalry," who never earned anything, but spent all he could get. He wanted money, and the ready and indeed only source in the slave communities to get it is to sell a negro, and thus in a short time the stock of a plantation disappears.

The slave-trader made his appearance at the old homestead, and one after another was sold off, and Thomas soon learnt that he also was about to be sold to the trader. "I told master John," said he, "that I had agreed with old master for my freedom, and had paid him four hundred dollars towards it." John said he knew nothing about that, and what was more, he cared nothing about it, if it was so—but he must be sold, and there was an end of it.

All his long cherished hopes of freedom were thus in a moment blasted, and what was probably worse, he was to be forever separated from his wife and children, driven to the Southern slave-shambles, and consigned to the cruelties of the cotton or sugar plantations. This appalling prospect determined him to face the hardly less appalling alternative of flight. His wife, who was free, and two children, he induced a cousin to accompany and assist as far as Buffalo, on their way to Canada, whither he was to follow by another route as soon as he could. "I started," said he, "from the old plantation, the latter part of July, with my knapsack of clothes and provisions strapped to my back, and took the road for Ohio, travelling in the night, and hiding in the woods or swamps in the day-time: on the morning of the third day, just at dawn, and as I was about to quit the road for the swamp, I heard the tramp of a horse close behind me. I turned my head and saw at once it was master John; at the same moment, he halloed to me to stop. I did not answer, but ran. He started his horse and said, 'damn you, if you do n't stop, I 'll shoot you.' He had spurred so hard he could not stop his horse when he came up to me, but passed on, and before he could turn back I had jumped the fence, and with all speed I ran for the swamp. He soon followed, and had nearly reached me when he came upon softer ground, and his horse mired so that he could not reach me. He then fired a pistol, and wounded me severely in the right ankle. I fell forward upon my hands, felt very faint, and my eyes grew dim; but in a moment this passed off, I rose upon my feet, hastily unbuckled and threw off my knapsack, ran for the swamp, which I soon reached, and plunged into a tangled growth of briars, where a dog could scarcely follow. I made my way through as well as I could and soon came upon a small stream of water which parted the briars so as to leave room enough, by stooping and dodging, to pass between. I waded in this little river for miles through the swamp, and made for the mountains, which I reached about two o'clock, as near as I could judge. I sat down and examined my ankle, which had become swollen and very painful. I picked out with my knife three shot near the ankle-bone, and four more near my shin-bone, cut a bandage from my shirt and bound it up as well as I could. For the next three days I had not a mouthful to eat; nor could I have swallowed it if I had; I was so broken down by fear and trouble."

Let us, for a moment, contemplate the situation of this poor hunted fugitive, sitting on the hills of Kentucky, alone in his despair—sick at heart, wounded, without money, food, or clothes, save what he had on, a price set on him, and every man's hand, for hundreds of miles on every side, against him.

The wanderings of the last of the Stuarts through the wilds of Scotland, upon his flight from the field of Culloden, his hair-breadth escapes, the sufferings he endured, and the manly fortitude with which he encountered those severe trials, have been said and sung the world over, and enlisted the world's sympathy and admiration. And yet the dangers which Charles Edward braved, and the sufferings he endured, we venture to think were less than those which this poor ignorant negro encountered. Every man, woman, and child, among whom the former sought refuge, were intent, at every sacrifice, to succour and save him from the fangs of the soldiery who hunted him. Every man, woman, and child, in the slave States, are bent upon arresting the fugitive slave, and none may aid or succour.

How Jonathan Thomas contrived to elude his pursuers, and for eleven weeks to drag his weary way, crippled as he was, through Kentucky, Virginia, and Maryland, to Baltimore, where fortune favoured him, is more than we can conceive. Nor is it well yet to divulge the ways and help which sometimes avail with a stout heart and determined resolution, to free a slave from American bondage.

From Baltimore to Boston, by a rare combination of fortunate circumstances, he was enabled to travel with ease and despatch. By another turn of good fortune he was directed to call upon the slave's friend at Boston, who immediately administered to his wants, and placed his wounded leg under surgical advice. Upon his first arrival it was painful, and to our common nature humiliating, to observe the fear and suspicion that haunted him in the presence of white men. It required some little assurance to convince him that they could be his brethren. His untutored gratitude and joy, when this truth was realized, would have touched the heart of the most inveterate despiser of his race. In one week after his arrival, he was comfortably seated in the cars on the Western railroad, with all the means necessary, of reaching his anxiously expecting wife and children in Canada.

Doubtless there are many under whose eye this brief narrative of a common occurrence may fall, whose misfortune, or it may be whose fault it is, to feel no interest in, or look with contempt upon a manly struggle and heroic achievement, when performed by one of the despised race. Let such remember that the negro is none the less their brother, and that he is "God's image, though carved in ebony; and let the Christian and the citizen, by such occurrences as this, be ever reminded of the gross hypocrisy and wrong that prevails in this boasted land of freedom, and is sanctioned and is sustained by the Church, and State, of which he is an equal and responsible member.

BOSTON, U. S.

THE DESTINY OF THE NATION.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

This nation is hastening to its baptism. It is a baptism of blood. It were downright Atheism not to believe it. It was prophecy, dictated by inspiration, when the sage of Monticello, beholding the tears of the oppressed, exclaimed, "*I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just.*"

No matter, though the warning were not thundered from Mount Sinai, nor threatened in stern decree, by Hebrew prophet commissioned of God. It was founded on the highest, holiest philosophy. It was based on nature's irrevocable statutes—on the never-changing law, that links events to their causes, throughout the universe.

By a moral evaporation has our guilt been ascending, until the dark cloud hangs suspended in the heavens, all charged with thunder; too soon to hurl the bolts of all nature's righteous indignation down upon us. Sorry philosopher is he who thinks to stay the desolation.—Nature must be false to herself, must repeal her eternal mandates, or the dread prediction shall be fulfilled.

There is a moral, as well as physical gravitation; and the laws of both are beyond all revocation. Call it what men may, the vengeance of Jehovah, or the action of natural causes and effects, the result is the same.

Who needs one to come from heaven, to assure him that "*the wages of sin is death?*" The solemn declaration is written, not on Judean parchment alone, by pen of inspiration, but on nature's broad face, from system to system, all over the dominion of God.

There is no longer hope. The Church ought to have averted the doom. She might have done it. But instead, she has invited it, with most unholy zeal. No depravity has been too desperate for her to sanction.—Slavery has been her delight, war her pride. Sacred to her alike has been the blood of Bunker and of Calvary. Washington she worships. Bonaparte she almost deifies—a warrior in heaven, whetting his sabre on the stones of the New Jerusalem, bathing it in the blood of the king's enemies, and then returning, to be crowned with laurels in some celestial Tuilleries, or palace of St. Cloud—all because he once declared, (*possibly*, knowing what he said,) "*the death of Christ is the death of God.*"

There is no salvation in such a Church. She is the millstone on the nation's neck, to make more dread and certain the nation's calamity.

MILFORD, New Hampshire.

To Correspondents.

A. A. M. of L. His name was not received at this office till sent last week. He is now credited for a year from this date.

J. C. H. Sent us on the 12th instant, $1 for F. S. of P. and 50 cts. for J. B. of B. These persons have sent us the same sums. Please explain.

S. D. F. will find a package at the Boston office.

N. Too late for this week.

"A Subscriber" shall appear in the next number.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Soul's Errand. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); The English in Little; Horrid Massacre of Nestorians; The Great Centre of the Universe Probably Discovered; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Message of President Polk; Peace; Southern Legislative Courtesy; Gerrit Smith's Reply to Edmund Quincy; Rejoinder of Edmund Quincy to Gerrit Smith.

SECOND PAGE.—Memorial from the Society of Friends—Gag Rule Triumphant; Petition for the Abolition of Slavery; Extract from Speech of Barclay Martin; The Mexican War; Letter to the Governor of Virginia; *Communications:* Letter from Henry C. Hibbard.

Married,

In Hudson, (N. Y.) December 13th, Mr. JOSEPH C. NEAL, (editor of Neal's Gazette, Philadelphia,) to EMILY B. BRADLEY, of Hudson.

In Tiverton (R. I.) 31 instant, at the Friends' meeting-house, Dr. CHARLES B. CATES, of East Vassalboro', (Me.,) to MARGARET, daughter of Abraham Barker, of Tiverton.

Died,

At Waterloo, on the 17th instant, BENJAMIN W. ADAMS, Esq. Sheriff of Seneca county.

In Buffalo, on the 19th instant, Mr. DENISON LATHROP, in the 73d year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that city.

In Plattsburgh, on the 12th instant, Mrs. HANNAH PLATT, widow of the late Wm. Pitt Platt, and only sister of Chancellor Kent.

In Hopkinton, on the 10th instant, after a protracted and distressing illness, borne with great calmness, JOHN BOWKER, aged 27.

In Boston, December 22d, very suddenly, GEORGE B. CARY, jr. aged 22, a graduate at Harvard University, in the class of 1844.

In Boston, December 25, suddenly, ANNA, wife of Ezra S. Gannett, D. D. aged 33.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23.

The Thomas P. Cope (lately wrecked) some years ago, brought to this city a chime of bells for St. Peter's Church, and her owners made no charge for freight. In return the chimes, which if we may believe Dicken's have more soul, sentiment, gratitude and philosophy than many other belles who possess thinking powers, have always rung out a merry complimentary peal on the occasion of the Cope's arrivals and clearances. They were muffled last evening, and sent their sad, dull sound over the city, as they tolled out the requiem over the ill-fated vessel.—What is more saddening than the effect of a muffled chime of bells! It seems to me always the very profundity of mournful expression.

Episcopalian Courage.—The Liberty Press gives the following extract from the recent Thanksgiving discourse delivered by Rev. H. Gregory, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Syracuse. His subject was True National Honour, text, "Them that honour me will I honour."—It is a noble passage, worthy the heart of a good man:

"I am not accustomed, (said Mr. G.) in this place to discuss matters of State policy, nor to sit in judgment on the acts of our rulers; nor do I now refer to the war with Mexico, as a politician, but as a man and a citizen, professing the Christian religion. I do not hesitate to say, that in my opinion, nothing has yet occurred in this country that is so sure a presage and forerunner of national corruption and ruin as this war. Is it not enough that our country is weighed down by Slavery as by a mill stone? Is it not enough that the institution of hereditary slavery—*the most unchristian, unjust, and corrupting institution that was ever tolerated by human society*, must be protected by our laws and extended into new States; but now a war of conquest and aggression must be carried on, avowedly for, among other purposes, the extension of our nation, and the making more unwieldly still, a fabric which is even now ready to crumble to pieces?

"The heathen had a maxim, that 'whom the gods mean to destroy, they first make mad.' God grant that our infatuation may not be a forerunner of an infamy as deplorable as our condition has heretofore been honourable."

A Baltimore correspondent of the Tribune says:—

On last Sabbath morning, for the first time, I attended the Methodist Church, corner of Charles and Fayette streets; the preacher (Rev. Mr. Coffee) took for his text Matthew, 7th chapter, 12th verse; generally termed "*the Golden Rule;*" never did watchman on the tower more faithfully acquit himself of his duties. My heart glowed with rapture as the "man of God" hypothetically reversed the relative positions of slave and slaveholder. The masterly effort rent to atoms the flimsy covering with which professing Christians could possibly invest the inhuman and unnatural practice; while the chaste and graphic appeals to every man's conscience in the sight of God thrilled through every nerve. This, before a congregation regarded as the "upper ten" of Baltimore, is indeed "A change come o'er the spirit of our dream."

Murderous Assault by a Slave.—Mr. J. M. Fletcher, proprietor of the Central Hotel in this city, narrowly escaped being murdered yesterday morning, by his slave Armisted, an ostler, whom he was attempting to punish. The negro threw his right arm around Mr. F.'s neck, having an open knife in his hand, with which he inflicted several dangerous gashes in Mr. F's neck, and cheek, and cutting his thumb nearly off. He succeeded in getting loose from the negro, who, rushed again upon his master, inflicting fresh wounds; the knife, it is said, must have been very dull, or the carotid artery would have inevitably been severed by the blows; as it is, the wounds may prove fatal though it is believed they will not. They negro fled, and has not been taken.—*Memphis (Tenn.) Eagle, Dec. 12th.*

A Negro Killed.—On the 1st instant a negro man, belonging to Mr. Spillers, was killed by Mr. Octave Altizan, about two miles from town. Some words passed between Mr. A. and the negro, when the latter lifted his axe in a threatening manner, and was shot by Mr. Altizan.—*Baton Rouge Gazette.*

The Kidnapped Children.—The Beaver (Pa.) Argus gives the following account of the course of Mr. John Collins, of New Brighton, in reclaiming the "Kidnapped Children." He traced the boys through the interior of Virginia and Kentucky, to Louisville, where they were sold into Slavery on the first of November, by a certain Dr. L. De Camp, who was known as a bar-keeper at the "Black Horse" tavern, at Brady's Run. De Camp had left Louisville for St. Louis; and after sending the boys home under proper protection, Mr. Collins intended going in pursuit of the doctor, who is probably now under arrest, and will be brought here for trial. Mr. Collins writes that the citizens of Virginia and Kentucky, and especially the public authorities, showed him every attention, and gave him all possible aid, manifesting a lively sympathy for the success of his mission of humanity. Mr. C. himself, is entitled to much credit for his persevering labours to reclaim these free-born children from all the wrongs of Slavery.

Kidnapping.—The Commitee of the two branches of the city government, to whom was referred the petition of Samuel May and others, "praying that a large reward may be offered for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons concerned in the violation of the laws of this Commonwealth, relating to kidnapping," through their chairman, Alderman Gould, have reported leave to petitioners to withdraw their petitions.—*Boston Whig.*

An Anti-Slavery Colony.—A company of Pennsylvanians, belonging to the Society of Friends, have purchased the Woodland estate, comprising two thousand acres, in Fairfax County, Va. and will settle on the land, and proceed to its cultivation, by forming nurseries, gardens, &c.

☞ Mr. Polk says that within the last year no afflicting dispensation of Providence has fallen upon our country. Does he mean to intimate that the Mexican war is the work of the Devil?—*Louisville Journal.*

A New County.—A notice has been published in the Ontario County papers, of an intended application to the Legislature for the erection of a new county to be named Canadesaga, and to comprise the towns of Fayette, Seneca Falls, Tyre, Waterloo and Junius in the County of Seneca, and the towns of Phelps and Seneca in the County of Ontario.—*Albany Atlas.*

☞ Teams crossed the river on the ice to-day, for the first time.—*Alb. Eve. Jour. 24th.*

Stolen Children Returned.—The two little children kidnapped some two months ago from Fallston, (Pa.) have been returned. They were got at Louisville (Ky.) and brought up by the steamer Monongahela. The kidnappers had traded the children off in Louisville to a man for land in Missouri, whither the gentleman who succeeded in rescuing the children, has repaired in search of the villains. A happy mother must be that woman this day.—*Mystery, Pittsburgh, Dec. 23.*

Sale of Mineral Lands—The President has fixed on the 24th day of May next for commencing the sale of the reserved mineral lands in Illinois, Arkansas, Wisconsan, and Iowa, supposed to contain lead ore. The sale will be held at the Land Office at Mineral Point.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from December 21st, to December 28th,

Thomas Macy, Nantucket, Mass		$1 00
Miss Arnold, New Bedford,	"	1 00
Dr. J. Bartlett, Concord, Mass		1 00
Oppie Haynes,	"	1 00
William Rice,	"	1 00
Lorenzo Eaton,	"	1 00
Francis Potter,	"	1 00
A. A. Kelly,	"	1 00
Joshua R. Brown,	"	1 00
Nathan S. Hosmer,	"	1 00
Dr. Sawyer,	"	1 00
Lowell Fay,	"	1 00
Joel Parker,	"	1 00
N. B. Stow,	"	1 00
A. G. Fay,	"	1 00
G. E. Dean,	"	1 00
C. Moody, South Onondaga, N Y		1 00
Lemuel Crosby,	"	1 00
Rev. S. Williams,	"	1 00
Joseph Griffin,	"	1 00
Sprague Harroun,	"	1 00
G. F. Fowler, Manlius, N Y		1 00
Franklin May,	"	1 00
Francis Shorter, Prattsburg, N Y		1 00
Joseph Bell, Bath,	"	50
M. F. Lucas, Corning,	"	50
E. Morrill, Belfast,	"	1 00
Elizabeth Dayton, Lowell, Mass		1 00
Rosamond Spalding,	"	1 00
A. S. Brooks,	"	1 00
Richard Smith,	"	1 00
E. S. Hunt,	"	1 00
S. W. Hunt,	"	1 00
H. W. Foster,	"	1 00
Samuel Garland,	"	1 00
Dr Geo. Pierce,	"	1 00
Irene C. Wright,	"	50
Harriet A. P. Robbinson,	"	50
James W. Brown,	"	1 00
Mrs. John J. Close,	"	1 00
Joanna Alden,	"	1 00
Mrs. Betsey Parsons,	"	50
James Wright,	"	1 00
J. N. Taggart, Urbana, N Y		1 00
Joseph Shaut,	"	1 00
Selah Gillett, Prattsburg, N Y		1 00
J. N. Hathaway, Adrian, Mich		1 00
Rev. D. G. Holmes, Egypt, N Y		1 00
L. T. Howard, Pennington,	"	1 00
Oliver Culver, Rochester,	"	1 00
William Green, Wilkesville, O		1 00
Enoch Davis, Warren, Mass		1 00
Edwin A. Bradlee, Worcester, Mass		1 00
Mrs. Dr. M. Atwood, Francistown, N H		1 00
John O. Lovett, Hingham, Mass		1 00
Nathaniel Barney, Nantucket, Mass		1 00
Benjamin Barney, Weedsport N Y		1 00
Isaac Newhall, Lynn, Mass		1 00
Total Amount,		$55.50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

Now in press, and will be issued in a few days, the Church as it is—or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by PARKER PILLSBURY.

This book will contain, among much other interesting matter, a full account of all the important action of the various ecclesiastical bodies in the United States, on the subject of Slavery.

The position of the Church and ministry, of the religious press of the country, on the present infamous war with Mexico, will also be exhibited, from facts and statements, registered under their own hands.

The strange and monstrous assumptions and usurpations of the clergy, whereby the Church and the people are kept in their present wicked relation to Slavery, will also be presented in a strong and clear light, by extracts from their own statute-books. The whole will be comprised in a neat pamphlet of seventy or eighty pages.

NOTICE.

A Discussion will take place at Penfield, Monroe county, New-York, on Monday, Jan. 4th, to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. between Samuel Strowger, Esq. and William W. Brown, on the pro-slavery character of the Constitution of the United States. The Disunion Question will also be thoroughly discussed at the same place. Friends of the slave attend.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The board of managers of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, with the approbation of the society given at its annual meeting, have concluded to hold, during the present winter, a series of conventions throughout the

Poetry.

The following lines were written by Sir Walter Raleigh, on the night previous to his execution:

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like sotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it *shews*
What's good, and *doth* no good.
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of State,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Straight give each one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill of its pretension,
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell Manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

When thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

CHAPTER X.

She went, and Charmilly said, laughing: "It is a sad truth, our Governor is under petticoat government, and the father has more respect for his daughter than for a whole host of wild Creoles. But go, thou fair visionary, with waving hair and flowing veil, thou art a little too late, and canst change nothing. But beware of the revenge of the patriots and of the ladies, who hate thee bitterly, and laugh, and prophesy that thou wilt never get a husband, while they, in true Creole style, can count ten worshippers to every finger of their beautiful hands." In this merry humour, the Baron talked on, and at last turned to Helen. "You look pale, my poor child," he cried, and stroked her fair locks, and how can one be rosy and healthy at the side of that cold virtue-pattern. But look you, M. St. Vincent, there is a lady, to whom you can give out all your liberty notions. Yes, Captain, that would be a union of spirits, who clutch at the stars, long to carry light to the man in the moon, take the case of the sun into consideration, and deliberate, whether their liberty fancies may not supercede the old laws of gravitation." He laughed aloud, and even Vincent could not help smiling. "The deuce!" cried Charmilly, "make no delay, win that precious heart which must by this time have learnt to forget a sort of inclination it had once for the unfortunate Mauduit, and if Blanca says yes, Blanchelande will be out of himself for joy. And," he concluded, confidentially, "he is one of the richest proprietors in the Island, and Governor-General besides—what a chance for a young officer!"

"And if I confess to you," said Vincent, "that my heart has already chosen."

"Really," cried Charmilly. "O! poor Blanca, O, my delightful plans. But I am glad of it," he added, "for no doubt it is a worthy choice, and you will wait for quieter times ere you let hymen's torch be lighted. Bah! how long can these times last? The insurrection once over, then we will have a double wedding, you and your fair unknown, and my little Helen with her wild cousin Jumecourt."

"M. de Charmilly," said Vincent, with some agitation, "may I name to you my choice?"

"Let it remain a secret, my dear, young friend," replied the Baron. "Love affairs have in me no good adviser, and I am quite too old, but to-morrow, Jumecourt comes, my young, fiery kinsman, make a confidant of him. Interchange your love plaints with him."

"You will not understand me," exclaimed Vincent, "and yet every word you utter proves that my secret is no longer any secret to you. I love Helen, and who could be near her, as I have been, and not love her?"

"Ha!" said the stout Baron, stamping his foot, in his vexation, "had I wished to know this secret, do you think I could not have guessed it long ago? But I have been unable, with all my hints, to discourage this intimacy. M. St. Vincent, that you love my neice, is flattering, and to your taste too, and is not to be wondered at; that my pale Helen, here, loves you in return, as I must suppose, is one of the first spring-dreams of a young girl who has just come from the boarding-school, and has seen few gentlemen, and is acquainted with none; but that this love has no favour from me, you will likewise find equally intelligible. I esteem you, Captain, but arrangements with regard to the hand of my neice, were long ago made. I wish only her happiness."

"Her happiness!" cried Vincent, bitterly. "Sir, you are too noble and intelligent a man to be the victim of self-delusion."

"With what right," said Charmilly, angrily, "do you talk to me of self-delusion? Must I be a hard, selfish man because I set myself against a blind passion, and let reason and good sense speak? O, I understand these speeches. Every father must hear them, who seeks to cure his child of a foolish inclination, but it disturbs me not, young gentleman. I go my way, and keep my purpose in view."

"Listen to me, my kind uncle," said Helen, in a low voice.

"Must not one have a thousand ears?" cried the planter, evasively, and putting his fingers in his ears. "What do I not have to hear in a day, and what must I still hear. Nothing is more abominable than ears which are patient as the ears of Balaam's ass, and which, alas! have no lids to open and shut at pleasure. Hear me, my child, do not weep," he continued, changing his tone, as he saw the streaming eyes of his neice. "I am a barren soil, hopelessly so, which no showers can vivify, yet still it is far from me to force thee to a hated marriage. Here is Captain Vincent, who has taken thy heart by storm, but you are ignorant of life and the world, and especially of your cousin Jumecourt. Now, while war is raging around us, is no time to form tender ties, at least for a soldier, so dry those large, languishing eyes, give me thy hand, and you too, my young friend, let us wait and see whether this attachment of yours will hold colour."

Vincent endeavoured, by his looks, to let the cunning Baron know that he saw what his aim was. It was clear as the day. He wished to gain time, to separate him from Helen, to give his nephew a fair chance to win his way, and to find means to shut the door forever in his face.

"M. de Charmilly," said he, firmly, "it is not this hour, which, indeed, is not very favourable to the settlement of such affairs, that shall decide for us, but, until Helen déclares that she voluntarily surrenders me, I have a sacred claim upon her."

The Baron looked thoughtful for a moment, and made no reply. Suddenly he caught Vincent's hand, and his cold, grey eye seemed as if it would pierce the young man through. "The time may easily come," said he, "when I shall lay Helen's hand in yours with pleasure. Most assuredly, Captain, I esteem you, I love you, but the hand of my neice must be won, consider it well, by corresponding principles and acts. But what is that?" he added, interrupting Vincent, who was about to ask an explanation. A wild cry rose in the street. Shots were heard striking very near, and many loud and wailing voices were heard.

The Baron pushed up the *jalousie*, and a crowd of people were seen rushing wildly through the street, shrieking for help and rescue. Individuals were pointing towards the mountains, whose summit presented some fortified points. The sight disclosed what could not be learned from the confused cry of the crowd. A mass of black figures were seen rushing out from among the trees, discharging their muskets and then vanishing. Some among them kept their places, waving their swords over their heads, and appearing, with greedy eyes, to menace the city. A figure was seen upon a snowy white horse, prancing swiftly along on the very edge of the cliffs, and driving the rest back into the woods, and instantly afterwards, the thunder of the artillery of the Convent and the Arsenal, was heard, and the forts near the water threw their heavy balls, whistling over the city. "The dare-devils!" cried the Baron, in amazement. "Could any one believe that the black creatures had so much intelligence? They have stolen off from the plain, gone round, and forced their way up the thick-wooded heights. It will cost us trouble to drive the rascals off."

The drums now beat in the streets, and the militia and National Guard rushed to their respective rendezvous. Horse and foot came in crowded columns from the Arsenal, towards the gate. A body of grenadiers and others, advanced rapidly towards the mountains, whilst another body rushed to take the negroes in the rear. The noise of the fight, which had ceased for awhile, now broke forth again with great violence, and so near that even the arrogant old de Charmilly began to show some signs of alarm. "I do believe," he cried, and cast an anxious look at his neice, who seemed by no means terrified, "that the black rascals expect to force their way into the town. That creature there, on the white horse, must be the hateful ape, Toussaint, for no one but he could ride like a devil on the very edge of those precipices without tumbling over, and the horrible fellow, too, has really shown such sparks of sense, that one may guess their deviser, the plan of fortifying themselves up there."

Vincent had seized hat and sword, and with one painful, parting look at Helen, said, "My duty calls me away, hard as it has become. Farewell, what avail words. God's providence be with us!"

He kissed the small, convulsed hand of the maiden. "Yet one minute!" cried she, extending her arms. He rushed away, and she sunk, weeping on the breast of her uncle, who spoke to her, half threateningly and half anxiously. "Danger! what danger!" said he, in conclusion, when her tears still continued to flow. "One throws himself into the thickest of the fight, and is axe and ball proof; another just puts his nose out of the window, and is killed instantly. There is no danger for him whom fortune favours, and this Captain is especially lucky, rely upon that. But, nevertheless, should his luck desert him," he murmured, in a low voice, "why the black rascals have broken better heads."

CHAPTER XI.

The old Baron well knew how to take his measures, so that, from this day, Vincent rarely succeeded in obtaining admission to Helen, or, if he did chance to see her, it was never alone. But still what avails human foresight against the art of love which invents a thousand ways to elude its watchers? A look, a smile, may pass for a hundred words, and letters were secretly exchanged, in which all the vows of love were repeated, times without number. The cunning old Charmilly soon found other means to put an end to this clandestine intercourse. As the intimate friend of the Governor-General's, it was easy for him to provide the unwelcome youth with employment which carried him away from the neighbourhood of Helen. He was sent to St. Nicholas, to Fort Dauphin, to Port-au-Prince, and had just now, when we pursue our story, returned with eager impatience to the city, where Helen anxiously awaited him. The war raged on; the negroes had possession of the mornes, and had, only with the greatest difficulty, been driven from the plain. Vincent despatched a message to Helen, and with what delight did he receive her answer! He had scarcely finished some necessary business, and was approaching the mansion of the Baron, with a beating heart, and had even reached the door, when he was met by an officer whom he recognized as one of the adjutants of Col. Touzard. "I am seeking you, Captain," said the officer; "out there at the alarm-post waits a division of Sappers from the forts.—They are entrusted to your command. The main column has gone off—you must follow it—it will be a hard work."

"An excursion into the mountain?" said Vincent, with a quivering voice.

"The object is to regain Limbé again," replied the officer, "in order to get the devilish niggers between two fires, Cambefort in Dondon, and ourselves in Limbé, and Casa-Majore, marching out from Port-de-Paix—in this way we shall catch and crush them. Good luck to you! Captain, in the dark clefts of the mountain, it rains rocks, but still, it is better to be crushed to death than fall into the hands of those devils."

Vincent looked up with a sigh to the house, where Helen appeared throwing open the jalousie, and bowing to him with a face beaming with love.

"Away! my Captain," cried the Adjutant, urgently, "every moment is precious."

Deeply disappointed, but true to his duty, Vincent drew away his hand from the knocker of the door. He cast one look up to Helen, laid his hand upon his heart, motioned to her a painful farewell, and saw her sink down with pallid features, while, cursing his fate, he followed the officer, who had a thousand stories to tell him of the cruelty of the savage foe. As the officer proceeded in his narrations, it seemed to Vincent as if his heart would burst. He struggled to regain his composure, and conjure down the inward storm. Men like Vincent, find repose in a certain elasticity of mind that defies fate, and whatever fate may bring. Cool reflection soon returned, and subdued the violence of his emotions. He knew that Helen lived, and loved him, that she had seen and understood him. It was enough to sustain the hearts of both, and animate their hopes. He smiled drearily as the Adjutant of Touzard related to him the horrible fate of several officers who had been taken prisoners by the blacks. Vincent was thinking the while of the rapture of return, and it was not until the officer left him, that a shudder ran through him, as he thought what might occur. His brave spirit did indeed resist the approaches of fear, to which, in this frightful warfare, the most courageous were exposed. Only too true was it that hitherto no one had found quarter or mercy who had fallen into the hands of either party, and just as he was reaching the alarm-post, a sight of horror met his view. A raging mob were dancing round a cart that moved slowly out of the gate of the city. The air was filled with their shouts, and a thousand curses and execrations were poured out upon a negro's head, which, separated from the mangled trunk, appeared aloft on a pike. The savage, bloodthirsty expression of the distorted features, rendered only more horrible by death, was so appalling that Vincent shuddered at the sight, as he glanced at a placard fastened over the head, upon which was inscribed the words: "This is Bruckman, General of the assassins and incendiaries from Grande Rivière."

A great victory was thought to be achieved because one of the original leaders of the insurrection had been slain, and the delight of gazing unharmed upon the monster who in life had perpetrated such fearful cruelties, increased the general joy. But with the shouts of triumph were mingled cries of agony, and Vincent's blood ran cold as he saw that there were living beings lying there, bloody and bound, by the side of the dead body of Bruckman, and suffering the rudest treatment from the frantic mob. What had they to hope for but a speedy death. Vincent's hand became clenched, his eyes rolled and turned appealingly to Heaven, his lips murmured a curse which rose, an accusation against the Eternal Providence, when he saw that long spikes had been driven through the hands and feet of these poor wretches, by which they were literally crucified on the cart.

He rushed away, trembling with indignation and horror at a world, and at a Providence which could suffer such inhuman deeds, without striking the miscreants dead with its lightnings. The small division of Sappers, to whose command he had been appointed, were impatiently awaiting their leader, and at a quick step they instantly hastened off after the main column, which had extended itself upon the plain. The distant report of fire-arms indicated that a battle was going on, which promised to be favourable. The afternoon sun blazed down upon the plain, and hedges and trees offered only a scanty shelter against the oppressive heat. Nevertheless, Vincent's company made the utmost exertions to come up with the main body. But it was not the merry march of soldiers singing their best songs in the neighbourhood of the enemy. The men followed their officers in silence, examining all the places which might shelter an enemy, as the country gradually became more uneven. The ruins of plantations, and other signs of devastation, furnished food for reflection. Here and there lay unburied human bones, marked and half charred by flames. One would silently point them out to the rest, until all had passed by, and every one was busy in thinking of the probable manner in which these unfortunate people had come to their end, and of the hour when they themselves might be slaughtered by the blacks, and tossed into the flames. By and by solitary rocks appeared, overgrown with bushes, and the brooks, discoloured with blood, trickled down from the fissures towards the valleys. Vincent and his men were now in the vicinity of the battle-field, where Cambefort and the regiment of the cape, the militia, and the National Guard, had been engaged. Shattered weapons were strewed about, dead horses, and the bodies of men stripped of their clothes, riddled by balls or covered with hideous wounds, or maimed in a thousand ways by the wild foe, or evidently hurled from the rocky heights, or with stakes driven through them. In one place appeared a whole row of heads stuck up, while human limbs were carefully arranged on both sides of the way. They mostly belonged to combatants who in the uniform of the National Guard had marched out burning with a thirst of revenge, and swearing that no mercy should be shown to a negro. And now their wretched bodies lay there in thick heaps, choking the mountain streams which carried only their blood back to the cape. The Sappers marched with a shudder through these ranks of the dead, and the evening wind played with the long hair of the dead, and agitated the rocking poles on which the heads were placed. Occasionally a refinement of cruelty had been practiced on these victims, and here and there, they were tricked out with caps and tassels, and mutilations appeared, evidently designed to provoke the laughter of brutality. But soon, the Sappers, whose veins began to swell with madness at these horrid sights, found evidences of the most frightful retaliation on the part of their brethren in arms. On the trees swung in the wind the bodies of negroes, pierced through and through with bayonet wounds. They hung side by side in long rows, and exhibited horrid mutilations, and the nearer Vincent's little company approached the actual scene of the battle, and the more distinctly they heard the fire of the advanced column, the more numerous became the tokens of the most dreadful cruelty, for which every tree, every hedge, furnished a theatre. The way now became steep and wild, the dim wood extended over the rocks, and the whole singularly ragged formation of this Island began to be more and more striking. Amidst patches of meadows and the most fruitful plains, arose heights of the roughest mountain character, and only steep and narrow ways through the rifts of the rocks led up into the mountain forests which covered the plateaux. Then again the mountains fell anew into a confused mass of wood and conically formed rocks, between which lay rice and coffee-fields, and thus one valley followed another, one height another of the same character, only ever higher, rougher, and more marked. A war in this irregular land could not possibly be carried on with closed ranks. Bush and rock covered the combatants, and every fight must of necessity soon come to be fought hand to hand. Every rift must be won, every tree secured, every pass stormed. The enemy was invisible, lurking in the thicket, where he took deliberate aim, then dashing forth, axe and sabre in hand, or as quickly retreating as a new tree, or rock, or pass appeared to offer a safe position. The tired Sappers now advanced slowly up through a narrow valley, and a narrow, rocky pass, which showed all the signs of a fight hardly yet over. The wounded lay there, moaning in their agonies, and the half dead stirred themselves under the dead bodies where they lay and implored assistance. The thunder of the fight echoed again and again from rock to rock, and the thick, blue clouds of smoke rose above the woods, floated awhile over them, and then slowly disappeared before the sun's setting disk, which glared firey red through the smoke. Vincent and his men had reached the place where the blacks had been beaten off from a barricade which they had formed across the way, and Touzard's Grenadiers had indeed cleared the road frightfully. More than a hundred Africans lay there dead and dying, but not a groan escaped even those who were most severely wounded. Even in death, their eyes gleamed with the fire of revenge, and their lips muttered curses as the white soldiers passed by. The latter passed hastily over the bodies which lay in the way, and gained the heights. On both sides appeared deep valleys, where the fight had raged that had left these bloody marks, and at the far mountain walls, human figures were seen running swiftly down, pursued by horsemen, while some leaped from their horses, in order better to use their fire-arms, and inflict and receive wounds. Then a strong troop would suddenly dart out upon the cavalry, and horses without riders would be seen galloping over the dark thick carpet of the wilderness, once so lovely. Red banners floated in the air, and the hellish yell of the negroes filled the valley, until the cavalry, rallying again, again drove the black troop into the chasms. These scenes engrossed Vincent and his companions, who saw the battle as they advanced, further and still further, unrolled as it were at their feet. Suddenly one of the Sappers uttered a loud cry, and fell to the ground. His comrades instantly gazed about for the foe, but rage and savage joy seized them, when they saw the enemy with whom their comrade, who had fallen, was engaged. A gigantic negro lay mortally wounded on the ground, with his teeth fastened in the heel of the Sapper, who in vain sought to free himself, kicking furiously with the other foot. The dying man had gathered his last strength to snap at one of his mortal enemies as he stepped carelessly over him, and no violence could make him quit his hold, until his terrified prisoner was released by the blow of an axe. At last Vincent's company reached an elevation where a wondrous panorama spread itself out on all sides. They found themselves on one of the wooded ridges of the mornes, which, separated from the main chain, showed a tolerably broad valley between, that resembled a wild luxuriant garden. No human hand had ever disturbed this overgrowth of vegetation, and only on the slopes appeared a few small planters' dwellings, with small cultivated strips which had borne sugar-cane and rice. These were the plantations of the mornes, which had belonged to the middle class of inhabitants, who, mulattoes, or whites, had, with the help of a few slaves and their own labour, secured a moderate subsistence. The buildings now lay in ruins, and their inmates were slaughtered; but still the brooks, trickling down the blue grey blocks of stone, murmured on, and huge trees, with roots half bared, bowed over the rugged cliffs between which the wild mountain streams were shooting. A mill-wheel, half shattered, was turning on a cleft of the rocks, luxuriant mimosas, flowers with monstrous cups, red blooming willows which grew around little ponds, the high-stemmed palm-tree, the acaja and tulip-trees, and the lovely jasmin, which covered the whole mountain wall, were mingled with the vast mahogany and ironwood, maple and dragon-trees, which formed the principal part of the black, heavy forests. How surpassingly beautiful would the solitude have been with its waterfalls, and steep and jagged rocks and mountain forests, and its flocks of birds, with their gaudy plumage, that circled the highest points with their shrill screams, if the peace of man had rested with its hallowing influence over the spot! But now a war of extermination was raging here, and the valleys rung again with the thunder of artillery, with the shouts of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying. Touzard's brigade had formed a line, and was slowly pressing forward under a steady fire, seeking to climb the steep heights opposite. Several groups were seen gathering round the points which were most threatened, and several batteries on elevated points, were pouring their fire upon a rocky road which wound along towards Limbé, and was barricaded by the blacks. When the clouds of smoke, which covered the valley, were cleared away by a sudden gust of wind, the masses of negroes defending the barricade were descried as they lay lurking behind rocks and trees, aiming their muskets and discharging them, or rushing forward to wrest some advantage from the white soldiers, or mingling with them in hand-to-hand conflict at the foot of the mountain. The fearful superiority of the bayonet, and the military skill of the whites, always repulsed the blind fury of the blacks, but still new masses pressed on over the dead bodies of their comrades, and in vain did the whites attempt to break through them and win the pass. On the heights stood painted priests, who offered to the Fetisch strange sacrifices. Their prophetical gesticulations animated the ardour of the Africans, and their howls were heard at times above even the thunder of the fight. Troops of fugitives, women and children, were seen upon the heights beyond, carrying refreshments to the combatants or supplying them with ammunition. Among them could be seen the unfortunate prisoners who, with wild shouts of triumph, were led away to a terrible fate. Touzard himself, as Vincent approached, was occupying a ruined farm yard, surrounded by his staff. "Well, Captain," said he, after the first salutation, "what do you think? Shall we be able to drive the rabble before us, or must we wait till Casa-Majore arrives from Port-de-Paix, and falls on them in the rear?"

Vincent threw an inquiring look upon the heights, which swarmed with black warriors. "It must be the main body," said he, "I should suppose they were not less than 30,000."

"Leaving out the Grand Admiral of France, M. Jean François and the Grand Field Marshall, M. Beasson," replied Touzard, sneeringly. "But they must have people among them, who understand the art of war. Some Spanish Don, perhaps his Excellency Don Alonzo himself. By Heaven, he shall be hanged like any black!"

"The rocks can be cleared of the blacks who maintain them so obstinately only by a surprise," said Vincent. "The pass is narrow, and above there is a battery which keeps up a heavy fire, and that barricade completely cuts off the road. An assault by night would secure our object, far sooner than any attempt by day, when the smallness of our numbers is only too visible."

(To be continued.)

From the London Punch.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Tom Thumb Philosophizes on Kisses—is introduced to the Royal Presence.

American as I am—a free citizen of the smartest nation of creation, 'tisn't for me to find fault with the gals of free Columbia. Nevertheless, truth is mighty, and with fair play will whip her weight in wild cats. Therefore, I cannot say much for the kissing of America. GOVERNOR BARNUM tells me that I oughtn't to give any 'pinion of the matter till I get back again, with all my snuff-boxes and toothpicks, and pencil-cases of crowned heads about me; when the kisses will be a different matter, as the royalty of Europe will be saluted through me. But this I must say; the kissing of America, of my own country women, was terrible cautious; nothing more than what you might call respect with the chill off. But then, BARNUM says, I was nobody; and gals don't kiss nobodies like somebodies. For all that, I'm a little riled when I think of it. For I remember, how at New-York they used to look at me, and mince round and round me, and put their hands under my chin, as if I warn't a human cretur, but a gooseberry bush, and they were afraid of their fingers. And then the boldest on 'em kissed me short and not at all satisfactory; for all the world as if they thought they was doing me a service, and not themselves an honour. They 'll find me rather different when I get back, I calculate; so they 'd better practice a little afore I come among 'em.

Now in England kissing is mighty hearty. The gals arn't a bit ashamed on it. I shall say no more here about the Maids-of-Honour as kissed me a million times in the Palace, but speak of the 'Gyptian Hall, where I was kissed four thousand times a day, which is only allowing eight kisses a-piece for every female: some on 'em took more—some less, but I'm striking the averages. I had when I was first shewed there, tarnation pretty dimples; and in a month, my cheeks was as smooth as an apple. The dimples was kissed out; run away with by the lips of the ladies. I often said to BARNUM, Governor, this is by no means the Cheshire. I feel my face is wasting away with so much kissing; melting slick like a sugar-plum in a baby's mouth. Tell you what it is; if I'm to lose my cheeks, I ought to make something by 'em. Therefore, its my opinion you should alter the price, in this way. "Them as only looks, a shilling; them as kisses, eighteen-pence." Once or twice—for to be kissed eight different ways by five hundred females is nation hard work—once or twice, I thought I 'd have a notice writ, and hung about my neck; sich a one as I seed at a flower-show, with these words—"Admire, but touch not." I confess it: now and then I used to be riled; used to say to myself, "Have you nobody at home to kiss; that you will put on your bonnets and pattens to come and kiss a little gentleman in public?" But as I said afore; take the people altogether, English kissing is mighty pleasant.

In Scotland I was only kissed outright at private parties. Of that, as a man of honour, I say nothing. In public, the ladies used to blow kisses at me through their fingers.

Was kissed tarnation in France. Rayther disagreeable in one particular, as the ladies so very often left the paint upon my nose.

Talking of France, it's a wonder I'm a single man. For when the King of the French heard from BARNUM that I had got the fortin I have, I'm darned if he didn't say he must have me for one of the Princesses. Now, being a true republican, that didn't suit my book at all. "No, no," says I to BARNUM; "don't mind the Princesses kissing me now and then, when I'm in a good temper, but I'd as soon run upon a snag as upon the marriage service. Seen too much of life, and been kissed a little too much round the world for that." So I escaped—cut stick from the Tuilleries—going off in BARNUM's hat-box.

Well, I did think that I should give a whole account of all the kissing I've gone through, but on second thoughts it can't be done here, no how. The subject is so full—as BARNUM says—that I can't do it justice in a little book, so I intend to make it a big history by itself, with pictures of the ladies, with their lips made up just as they attacked me; made up now peaking like rose-buds, and now as if I was a cake at a pastry-cook's, made for nothing but to be eaten. It,'s wonderful to a man with my experience of lips to know what mouths can be made on 'em. Nobody would believe it, but they will when they see my book. And so to get back to QUEEN VICTORIA's palace.

When the Maids-of-HONOUR had done kissing me, and stood—like flustered Birds of Paradise—a taking breath, the Lord-in Waitin comes in agin, and says, "General, Her Majesty the QUEEN will be very happy to see you." All the Maids-of-HONOUR fell back, and I following the lord, and—BARNUM following me—walks into the presence of the Queen of the British Isles. I'd made my mind up to show my independence, to go in whistling "Yankee Doodle," or "Star of Columbia," but somehow I found my voice had departed—gone slick, and not even left its ghost behind—BARNUM, too, I shouldn't ha' known him; he shook all over, and his face looked as if it had been dabbled with a powder-puff. I thought to myself, the British Lion must be somewhere, under some sofa p'raps, in the 'partment, and the Governor sees him, and shakes and is pale accordin'.

I walks up to the QUEEN, who was a sittin' by the tea-things. "I'm very happy General," said, Her Majesty, "to see you here. Genius though ever so small—if it *is* genius, General—is welcome to this fire-place."

Upon this, I bowed, as any gentleman would do to any lady.

"General," said Gracious Majesty, "allow me to introduce my husband." Whereupon, PRINCE ALBERT said in the most affable manner—

"I hope to improve the acquaintance of the General, when we go a gunning together," and then Royal Highness went on with his tea.

"Do you take sugar, General?" said Gracious Majesty with tongs in her hands.

"I, do madam," said I; for I found my voice a coming back agin.

"Which do you prefer?" said Gracious Majesty, with a smile that seemed to turn me into a lump of honey—"which sugar do you prefer, white or brown?"

"Either," said I, "but if it isn't slave-grown, I'm a true republican, and won't touch a tarnation morsel."

From the Tribune.

HORRID MASSACRE OF NESTORIANS.

The Courier publishes from the correspondence of the London papers a long account of the massacre of a large number of Nestorian Christians by order of their great persecutor, Beder Khan Bey, in the month of October last. It seems that Beder Khan Bey collected various detachments of troops under the command of the Beys of Haikasia and Bevari, himself taking command of a large body of Kurds, and marched into the country of the defenceless and unresisting Nestorians. He then divided his force into small parties, and fell upon the villages. The correspondent of the Morning Chronicle gives the following revolting details of this expedition:

"Thirty-six of these villages, at the least, have been thus made the scenes of the most harrowing wholesale murders. To speak of their having been sacked, plundered, and burnt to the ground, would be to draw attention to an incident of small importance in the face of the greater horrors which these bloody barbarians committed. Men, women, and children, crying for mercy; the women and children, in the agonies of terror, were put to death with every species of torture which cruelty could invent. Happy were those who were shot, or who fell by the sword, who had not their bowels ripped out of them while living, or who were not impaled amid the shouts and laughter of the murderers. Two of the bishops of the Nestorians, if not more, were impaled, and several of the priests. But that was not the worst torture that was inflicted. Children were torn from their mothers, some from their mothers' breasts, and, in presence of their mothers, who were obliged, screeching, to look on, put in the most shocking manner to death. The mothers afterwards were sacrificed. The youth of both sexes underwent sacrifices which cannot be mentioned, before their throats, in disgust and satiety, were cut. The pen refuses to record more of these atrocities, though I might go on, and allude to abominations of cruelty, and worse than cruelty, which call for a retribution as nearly equal to their bestial ruthlessness in severity as can be inflicted. *Three thousand of the Nestorians have perished in this massacre, on the lowest calculation.* The most extensive slaughter took place at a large village, or township, called Bias, where Beder Khan Bey was himself present. Here the two bishops were impaled, and from this place were sent the three hundred heads (*pickled*) to the Pacha of Moussoul, with the insulting message, that if the Porte *presumed* to molest the sender, he would send to Constantinople, instead of Nestorian, Turkish heads enough to make a pyramid.

"While these things were happening, a council, over which the Nestorian Patriarch, who had escaped from Moussoul, presided, was held at a town called, if I recollect aright, Artchy, one of the principal Nestorian settlements. Here it was determined that, as resistance was vain, the whole people of the Nestorians should emigrate, without an hour's delay, into Persia, where a numerous body of their countrymen are settled on the banks of the lake Oroomiah. The execution of this design was, however, difficult, perilous, and disastrous. The fugitives were obliged to leave behind them all their property; most of them crossed the mountains in straggling, frightened, wretched bands. But one corps of emigrants, stronger than the others—commanded, I am told, by the Patriarch—were attacked on their passage by the soldiers of Beder Khan Bey. After an obstinate conflict, in which many fell on both sides, the Nestorians gained the victory.

"But the whole mountain district of Kurdistan, on the Turkish side, is at this moment filled with houseless, famished wanderers, hiding themselves in dens and caves, under all the worst circumstances and guises of misery, from their pursuers. Beder Khan Bey swore, before he started on his expedition, with all the solemnities of his creed, before two Imaums, that he would exterminate the whole Nestorian people; and all of them who have not strength to reach Persia will certainly experience the full realization of this oath.

"The same correspondent says that this ruthless onset was doubtless provoked by the act of the Turkish Cabinet, in deposing Beder Khan Bey, from jealousy of his power, and this, it was supposed, had been done by an arrangement with the Nestorian Patriarch, then at Mosul, who had promised the aid of the Nestorians in accomplishing this object. These people were thus exposed to the fury of the barbarians, and the Porte could take no efficient steps for their protection. Several of the foreign envoys at the Turkish Cabinet, including Mr. Wellesley and M. de Bourqueney, have sent in very strong notes upon the subject, insisting that Beder Khan Bey is a monster who must be crushed, and the Porte professes the same sentiments. This, moreover, is more easily said than done; for he has a force of 40,000 men at his command, and is virtual sovereign of the whole mountain district.

"The Turkish Porte has been a good deal alarmed by the fact that Russia is collecting an army in Podolia, on the frontiers of Wallachia, variously represented from 80,000 to 150,000 strong. It is supposed that its real object is to invade Wallachia; though the Porte fears it may be directed against Servia, the Prince of which has dared to provoke the wrath of the Russian Czar."

THE GREAT CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE PROBABLY DISCOVERED.

CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY, 8th Sept. 1846.

I have just received by the last steamer, Nos. 566 and 567 of the "Astronomische Nachrichten," a journal published at Altona, near Hamburg, and conducted by the celebrated Professor Schumaker. These two numbers are almost exclusively taken up with an article by Dr. Mædler, director of the Dorpat Observatory, Russia, well known to the astronomical world, in which he announces the extraordinary discovery of the *grand central star or sun*, about which the universe of stars is revolving, our own sun and system among the rest.

This discovery, the result of many years of incessant toil and research, has been deduced by a train of reasoning and an examination of facts scarcely surpassed in the annals of science.

He announces his discovery in the following language: "I therefore pronounce the Pleiades to be the central group of that mass of fixed stars limited by the stratum composing the Milky Way, and the Alcyene as the individual star of this group, which, among all others, combines the greatest probability of being the true central sun.

By a train of reasoning, which I shall not attempt to explain, he finds the probable parallax of this great central star to be six thousandths of one second of an arc, and its distance to be thirty four millions of times the distance of the sun, or so remote that light with a velocity of twelve millions of miles per minute, requires a period of 537 years to pass from the great centre to our sun.

At a first rough approximation he deduces the period of the revolution of our sun, with all its train of planets, satelites, and comets, about the grand centre to be *eighteen millions two hundred thousand years.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

AN UNICORN.—A few days ago, while the workmen on the Newcastle and Berwick railway were excavating a portion of the line near to Bothal Castle, they found the skeleton of an animal having a single horn growing from the centre of the forehead. The workmen made a present of it to Mr. John Cragg, watchmaker, Morpeth.—*Newcastle Advertiser.*

CONFIRMATION OF THE "INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT."—The several Madrid journals received during the week state that it was considered almost certain in Madrid that the Queen was in a situation which would very speedily settle the dispute between England and France, as to the succession to the crown of Spain.

BLAIR, THE POET.—Robert Blair, the author of "The Grave," died exactly one hundred years ago, and it is now proposed to erect a monument to him in the churchyard of Athelstaneford, East Lothian, of which he was parish minister, and in which capacity he was succeeded by Home, the author of "Douglas." Blair could not get his poem published during his lifetime, as none of the booksellers to whom Isaac Watts offered it would have anything to do with it; but it was brought out after his death, and at once took its place as an English classic. Blair was not only a man of talent himself, but was great as to sire and son; his grandfather was Robert Blair, the celebrated Covenanting divine, and his son was Lord President of the Court of Session. Dr. Hugh Blair was also a branch of the same family.

VITAL STATISTICS OF ENGLAND.—The population of England increases more rapidly than that of Scotland or Ireland; but, taking the three kingdoms together, the annual increase, deducting the loss by emigration, is 1.03 per cent. The population of the British Isles at this moment may therefore be estimated, in round numbers, at 28,500,000. In January, 1852, it will be 30,000,000; and the period of doubling, corresponding to an annual increment of 1.03 per cent. being 68 years, it would amount to 60,000,000 in 1920. It is not probable, however, that the rate of increase will continue the same through so long a period. To us it appears by no means incredible that youths now at school may live to belong to a community embracing *sixty millions* of souls in the British Isles. The present population of France is 35,000,000. The rate of increase, according to Monsieur Mathieu, is only one 200th part per annum, (rather less than one-half of that which prevails here,) and the period of doubling, 139 years. If the scale of increase were to continue uniform in each country, the population of the British Isles would equal that of France about forty years hence. The table of the Registrar-General states:—"About 291,000 people willbe added to the population in the year from midsummer 1845, to 1846. The statement, so often repeated, that the population of the United Kingdom increases at the rate of 1,000 a day, is an error, which has arisen probably from using the annual rate of increase in England (1 1-8 per cent.) instead of the lower rate of increase (1 per cent.) for the United Kingdom. At the present time it is probable that 800 persons are added to the population daily. The births exceed the deaths by about 1,056 daily, but emigration from the United Kingdom keeps down the increase."

The Paris papers announce the death of the celebrated historian, Michelet.

At a meeting of the Berlin Geographical Society, M. Ritter spoke in high terms of a plan for cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, conceived by Prince Louis Napoleon, during his confinement at Ham.

A missionary, the Rev. Mr. Smith, stated at a Cambridge meeting that a main objection urged against the Christian religion by the Chinese was the division amongst Christians.

In London there are 3,000 policemen, or 110 constables to one magistrate: in Liverpool there are 700 policemen to one magistrate.

The University of St. Andrew's have conferred the degree of LL. D. on Lord Campbell. Ought not some equivalent distinction to be conferred on Miss Strickland, to whom his Lordship, as an historian, is so much indebted?—*Douglas Jerrold.*

SUBMARINE RAILWAYS.—Mr. De la Haye, after the reading of a paper "On Ancient and Modern Modes of Travelling," at the Liverpool Polytechnic Society, on Monday, in which he expatiated upon the advantages of railway transit, and expressed his belief that, by-and-by, a daily communication would be established between Chili, India, and London, by means of the electric telegraph, alluded to his invention of submarine railways. We have before given full details of Mr. De la Haye's plan, which is to construct an immense iron tube, to be lowered from above, and riveted together by means of the diving-bell. When completed, rails are to be laid down, and locomotives, unaffected by external influences, are to career beneath the bosom of the deep. His theory is, that the violence of the most violent storms is not felt lower than twenty feet below the surface, and that the pressure of the water, together with the accumulation of sand, &c. would retain the tube in the position in which it might be placed. Mr. De la Haye is a British subject of French